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MINISTERS AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

LORD SALISBURY and his colleagues were fortunate, in more than one respect, when they addressed the audience at the Mansion House and the larger audience which was not there. The necessary business of Parliament has now advanced so far, and the prospect of a serious hitch may be considered to be so remote, that attention is naturally more and more diverted from Parliamentary proceedings to the utterances of prominent politicians elsewhere. In most of these utterances there is still apparent—indeed, more apparent than ever—a profound ignorance of the probable results of the last political leap in the dark and an anxious desire to cover that ignorance by the affectation of knowing cheerfulness. Brag on both sides is naturally and almost necessarily the order of the day; and the real ignorance just referred to is shown by it not less strongly, though less patently, than by the occasional exceptions to this mode of playing the game—by the profound, though innocent, discouragement with which a few honest Radicals avowed in the debate on the Medical Relief Bill their fear lest the pauper-voters should vote for the Tory candidates, not less than by the cocksureness of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. The apprehension of Mr. BRYCE and his fellows is not very complimentary to "the people," or to the wisdom which has enfranchised them. But, for our part, we neither share it nor the contrary. When the new constituencies are better known, and when intending candidates have felt their way with them, Mr. COLLINGS's mischievous measure will, no doubt, provide an easy machine for bribery, but it will hardly be worked much next November. The decision of the electorate may be dependent on one of those accidents which cannot be foreseen; on a detail of foreign policy, on a death, on a crisis of commerce, on a sudden disaster or a sudden advantage to England in any part of the world. In the first place, at any rate, it will probably depend, supposing each party to be fairly active, on speaking, on organization, and the lines of attack and defence adopted on both sides.

One prominent politician on the Opposition side has shown already that, as might be anticipated, there will be no lack of audacity on the Radical side. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's audience at Hackney last week are said to have been enthusiastically admiring, but the admiration of the more intelligent of them must have partaken strongly of the feelings of Mr. PERKER and his clerk at the news of Messrs. DODSON and FOGG's masterpiece of professional daring. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in a glow of honest enthusiasm for Lord SPENCER and his Irish policy; Mr. CHAMBERLAIN indignantly demanding that the Tories should be indignant at the non-relief of Kassala; Mr. CHAMBERLAIN (member of the late Government and a participator in the surrender after Majuba, the abandonment of GORDON, and the huddling up of the Penj-deh incident), blushing with intolerable patriotism and feeling every blow inflicted or not inflicted by the Russians on Mr. FINN's clerk as a blow directly struck at his own sacred person; Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who by his own confession shared placidly for years in the government of Ireland after the fashion of Poland and Venice, upbraiding Tories for acting contrary to their consciences:—this Mr. CHAMBERLAIN must, indeed, have been a spectacle agreeable and even exhilarating to sight and hearing. It was, perhaps, rather rash of the late President of the Board of Trade to tell the story of a pleasant member of Parliament who implored him not to denounce the Decalogue for fear that Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR

should bring in a Bill to abolish it. For Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has been denouncing the Eighth Commandment, breaking the Ninth, urging to the breach of the Tenth, and making apologies for the breach of the Sixth so long, that, if Mr. BALFOUR were really actuated by the motives supposed, he would by this time have inevitably proposed the abolition of at least the greater part of the Second Table. But this little slip was no doubt pardonable and deserves oblivion. The really and permanently interesting feature of the speech was, as above noticed, the indication given by it of the line of attack and the rules of fair play intended to be observed. The election of 1880 was, according to an intemperate critic, "won by hard lying." But in order to carry out this simple plan of electioneering it is necessary to have some considerable series of actions of your opponents which can be misrepresented. Present circumstances do not oblige Mr. CHAMBERLAIN with this easy game, but he has found himself equal to the occasion. By affecting burning indignation at the Government for not doing what the Opposition has made it impossible for them to do, and for doing what the Opposition has uniformly represented it as desirable to do, some enthusiasm, it seems to be thought, may be excited. It remains to be seen whether it can be kept burning.

The defence which Lord SALISBURY and other Ministers may be said to have formally begun at the Mansion House could not but be facilitated by this mode of attack, as well as by the practical and solid, if not extraordinarily splendid, successes which the new Government has already achieved. It is a creditable tradition of these entertainments to abstain as far as possible from personal attack, and this tradition necessarily deprived Lord SALISBURY's speech of some of the piquancy which, considering his opportunities and his skill, it would certainly have had in other circumstances. But this piquancy was well replaced by the courteous recognition accorded to the conduct of the leaders of the regular Opposition and by a tone of general dignity which is not always easy to combine with the scientific roasting of particular victims. Lord SALISBURY's apologia will, of course, not necessarily meet with complete approval even from impartial critics. The part relating to the Irish policy of the Government was exceedingly ingenious, and possessed the undoubted advantage of following on conduct which, as far as the leaders of the two Houses are concerned, is not open to any fair criticism of overt acts. But it will hardly satisfy any one fully who is not a partisan of Mr. HOWORTH's and Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's. Elsewhere the defence was triumphant. The idiotic—for no milder word will do—demand that in a moment, and with a minority at their backs, an incoming Government shall pull up every tree that their predecessors planted, level every wall that their predecessors built, can proceed seriously from no serious politician. Compliance with it would be impossible in any case, and, if it were possible, must be ruinous to the interests of the country. It is surely unwise in Mr. GLADSTONE's supporters to remind Englishmen of the disasters and dangers which have already arisen from the partial and halting attempt at such a course of conduct which Mr. GLADSTONE himself made. Whether it is wise of them to attempt, in face of those dangers and disasters, to revive the legend of fearful calamities inflicted on the country by Lord BEACONSFIELD, to publish a new edition of the famous Imaginary History of England which did duty in 1880, and to attempt to persuade the electors that advance means

retreat, and acquisition of territory means surrender of it, they themselves must judge. The attempt is not likely to be met with the same half-indolent and half-mistaken indifference which was shown by the Conservative party five years ago, and the actual performances of the new Ministry will help not a little (a fact of which the chagrin of the Radicals shows them pretty clearly to be conscious) in the carrying out of a more active resistance. As the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was enabled to boast on Wednesday, public business progresses with extraordinary speed; and if it were not for some little matters which have been sufficiently commented upon, a fanciful student of Politics might see in the present state of things an almost ideal condition of that practical science. A Tory Government not strong enough to stir up the jealousies of the middle and lower classes; a Liberal Opposition too utterly discredited by its own recent blunders and crimes to dare to be openly obstructive—this combination secures, it might seem, a happy absence of that political history-making which is, almost without exception, mischievous. But five years of Mr. GLADSTONE are, it must be confessed, a heavy price to pay for these few halcyon days, and the numerical inferiority of the Ministry is at once the only excuse and the almost certain cause of those parts of its conduct which are hardly satisfactory to those who like downrightness and uprightness in politics. At present, however, the satisfaction of having got rid of the nightmare of scuttles and surrender abroad, of spoliation and class legislation at home, is still in full force, and may dispose a good many people to believe that the benevolent attitude of Ministers towards the troublers of Ireland is, though a weakness, an "amiable weakness," as was once said of another matter, and as Lord SALISBURY seems to argue of this.

COLONIAL POLICY IN FRANCE.

THE interest of the prolonged debate in the French Chamber on the vote for Madagascar has been mainly due to the intervention of M. FERRY. By reappearing to defend his whole Colonial policy the late Premier gave the discussion a wholly different character. The original question can hardly have stirred the majority of the Chamber to more than a languid degree of attention. When it was asked to vote twelve million francs to meet the expenses of the force already in the island, it must have known that a refusal was barely possible. In all probability a great part of the money is already spent, and even if the troops were to be withdrawn funds would be needed for that operation. M. DE MAHY and his fellow Deputies from the Colonies are doubtless very much in earnest about the conquest of Madagascar. The adventure was, to a certain extent, inspired by the planters of Réunion and the French Creoles of Mauritius. They have everything to gain by the occupation of the larger island, and they know very well that the expense must be borne by France. With this pleasing certainty to support him, M. DE MAHY could hold forth at length on the beauty, fertility, and healthiness of Madagascar. The majority of the Chamber, on the other hand, had good reasons for listening to this eloquence with some coolness. Not only will they have to find the money, but as a matter of fact there is no scheme on foot for a conquest of Madagascar. As M. DE FREYCINET reminded the Deputies, they are not asked to vote the means for a great expedition, but only for meeting current expenses. If this Minister has any preference for a spirited Colonial policy, he contrived to conceal it effectually. In a speech which fell on the eloquence of M. DE MAHY like a wet blanket, he asked the Chamber to reflect before it decided to order a hasty and discreditable retreat. If it refuses the twelve million francs, the French forces must be recalled in a very undignified fashion, while by voting them it will commit itself to nothing. He insisted much on the necessity of not letting the Hovas think they had won a victory, but he is quite prepared to leave the next Chamber to decide finally whether the island is to be conquered or not. He asked for nothing more ambitious than the means of continuing the present state of things. What that is all the world knows. A small French squadron is employed, and has been since 1882, in blockading the coast of a State which has no shipping, in bombarding unfortified villages, and in landing armed parties to burn huts. On shore, a handful of troops is engaged in holding a few stations near the sea, and in looking at the Hovas, who look at them, and keep out of range of shot.

The expenses of this curious occupation are tolerably heavy, and the loss of life from sickness is severe. No results have been obtained as yet, and there is no sign that any ever will by the use of the same methods. M. DE FREYCINET, however, did not propose to change them; he only asked the Chamber to leave the decision to its successor. This is the sort of expedient which would naturally suggest itself to a Minister who was equally afraid of incurring the odium of having discredited the flag, and of risking his popularity by adding to the already heavy expenses of the Colonial enterprises of the last three years. He seems to wish to steer a course between offending the *amour propre* and the pockets of his countrymen, and he asks the Chamber to follow his example. It has done so by voting to continue the muddle by a majority of 149.

It was certainly not for the purpose of supporting M. DE FREYCINET that M. FERRY interfered in the debate. He has no reason to love his successors in office, and he has never been enthusiastic about the advantages to be obtained from Madagascar. The sudden revival of French claims against the Hovas was not his work, and he at best only submitted to the necessity of intervention. As far as his Ministry was concerned, that part of French Colonial enterprise has been neglected and kept in the background. The least sagacious of mankind can see that he spoke because he thought the time had come when he could make an appeal to the constituencies and add his programme to the many recently published. The Madagascar business occupied him for a very short time, and he had nothing more to propose than had been asked by M. DE FREYCINET. When he had done that, he passed at once to a more interesting subject, and argued in favour, not of any particular Colonial policy, but of the general policy of trying to obtain colonies. What he has to say ought to be well received, for it is only what has met the approval of Frenchmen before. The country will feel, unless their habits of thought have wonderfully changed in these latter days, that M. FERRY went to the root of the matter when he proved that Frenchmen have a right to take charge of inferior peoples. His demonstration was simple. How, he asked, can you force a trade on people who want none if you have not a general right of governing them? but you are entitled to compel them to trade, therefore the inevitable deduction follows. The French, who are apt to flatter themselves that they at least are free from the vice of canting, are fond of morality of this kind. It leaves them with a clear conscience before setting out in search of material benefits. On the theoretically subordinate question of the pecuniary advantages of colonies M. FERRY was equally orthodox. The Chamber had the advantage of listening once more to the familiar arguments based on an acquaintance with about one-third of the Colonial history of England. Frenchmen who see that English colonies do a great trade with the mother-country habitually jump to the conclusion that the possession came before the commerce. When M. FERRY told the Chamber that for long years India had no more goods to exchange with England than Jersey, he could rely implicitly on the ignorance of his audience. None of them were likely to remind him that English trade with India was never, relatively speaking, so profitable as in the days when the East India Company held only a few factories by the good-will of native princes, and had no costly administrative duties to perform. One part of his speech may be noted by Englishmen with some interest. He argued against a certain section of the Opposition with force that a great Power which has suffered disasters consults neither its dignity nor its interest by sitting down in despair, or, as he put it, by becoming absorbed in the contemplation of its wounds. By way of illustrating this truth he pointed out that in the changed condition of naval warfare ports were needed in distant seas, and that the frontiers of France might have to be defended in the Eastern seas. Without stopping to inquire into the plausibility of this theory, we need only point out that it is certainly not Germany which can be injured in the Indian Ocean. In talking in this fashion, M. FERRY was appealing to the old French jealousy and hostility to England. Englishmen need not attach a very serious meaning to declamation of this kind; but it is not an insignificant thing that a clever politician can still think this a good card to play when he is making an attempt to regain popularity.

We must suppose it is a good card, since M. FERRY, who knows his public, has had recourse to it. In any case nothing could come more naturally to his hand than a spirited Colonial policy when he was in search of material for a manifesto. His Ministry lived and died by a Colonial

policy. Whether it will revive by one is, however, more than doubtful. It is now three years since France began to launch out on plans of expansion, and the result is not of a kind to convince those who are sceptical as to their wisdom. Efforts to establish colonies of one kind or another have been made in many places and in various fashions, but the upshot has been pretty much the same. In the Congo Valley, in Madagascar, and in Tonquin, France has to show at best demi-successes and very real sacrifices as the outcome of all her exertions. Her largest score has been in Tonquin, and there the value of the conquests made is seriously diminished by the cost of administering them. Since General DE COURCY sent his recent very outspoken telegrams from Hué, little has been heard of the state of Annam, but there is enough to show that the natives are still giving trouble and are likely to give more. In the Congo district and in Madagascar the French have not even reached the point of having administrative difficulties. With such a record to show in the past, M. FERRY will hardly find his Colonial policy of much use to him in the general election. It is one thing to secure applause in the Chamber by insisting on the civilizing mission of France. Talk of that kind has always been sure of a favourable hearing in Paris. The mass of the electors will doubtless hear it with a general approval; but voting for carrying it into practice at a heavy cost is another thing. M. FERRY was undoubtedly well advised in making a political manifesto of some kind, and the violent hostility shown to him by a large minority of the Chamber was flattering. The Deputies who shouted and gesticulated and shook their fists at him gave him satisfactory proof that he still inspires them with a certain amount of fear. He has gained by his speech an opportunity of showing that he is not quite dead and buried, but it is possible to do so much without materially increasing his chance of coming back as the leader of an important party. M. CLÉMENTEAU, who answered the late Premier, was personal and rhetorical; but he had the great advantage of attacking a policy which has visibly failed. Even he, however, confined himself to abusing the Colonial policy at large, and abstained from proposing to withdraw from any of the existing complications.

MEDICAL RELIEF.

A VERY small minority of the House of Commons, composed of members of both parties, has acquired or deserved credit in the matter of the Medical Relief Bill. Mr. COURTNEY, Mr. BRYCE, and a few other consistent Radicals have been allied with Mr. PELL, Mr. READ, and Lord EDWARD CAVENTISH, all of whom have large practical experience of the administration of the Poor-law. The official Liberals have profited by the opportunity of exhibiting an utter disregard of principle and of the public interest. Through the Attorney-General of the late Government they had announced their deliberate and well-founded opinion that recipients of parochial relief, medical or other, ought to be deprived of the Parliamentary franchise. It was perhaps not surprising that, when Mr. DAVEY carried his Amendment, the bulk of his party should acquiesce in a lower and more popular policy; but there was a singular meanness in the denunciation of the Conservatives and of the House of Lords for their maintenance of the sound doctrines which had within two or three weeks been affirmed by Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN succeeded in raising a factious clamour in favour of an insidious and dangerous innovation; and the new Government, with more than questionable prudence, resolved that he should, if possible, not profit by an unscrupulous manœuvre. Accordingly Mr. BALFOUR brought in a Bill for the permanent exclusion of medical relief from the list of legal causes of disfranchisement; but he proposed still to treat the eleemosynary supply of food or clothing to invalids as ordinary medical relief. Mr. BALFOUR was rudely reminded that he had done injustice to the versatile ingenuity of his political opponents. He might have remembered that the Government had forfeited its right to the support of the conscientious advocates of sound economy. It was quite certain that the distinction between food and physic would, after a series of cynical tergiversations, not be maintained. The Government was well advised in resolving, after due consideration, not to oppose the Bill in its altered form. It may even be doubted whether Mr. BALFOUR might not have accepted Mr. COLLINGS'S Amendment as a mere extension of a vicious principle which had been already admitted. But the Government preferred

to renounce responsibility for the Bill while not opposing it—a proceeding fully within their rights, but which scarcely improved the general aspect of the transaction. It also led to a curious display of feeling on the part of Lord GRANVILLE in the House of Lords.

Two issues of great but unequal importance, raised in the course of the controversy, have been lightly regarded by the majorities of both parties, notwithstanding plain warnings of the grave results which may follow from a careless decision. The purity of Parliamentary representation was defended in vain by Mr. COURTNEY, Mr. BRYCE, and their few Liberal supporters. Mr. PELL and Mr. READ addressed themselves rather to the still more serious influence which the Medical Relief Bill is likely to exercise on the independence of the working classes. An honourable repugnance to pauperism, or, in other words, to the acceptance of Poor-law relief, will henceforth be abated by the legislative declaration that there is no dishonour in a partial dependence on the rates. The delicacy of democratic reformers as to one limitation of promiscuous suffrage, though it may seem, to a certain extent whimsical, deserves recognition and encouragement. In practice it will matter little or nothing whether the addition of a few criminals, and of a somewhat larger number of paupers, swells the number of the dominant multitude; but even the faintest trace of regard for the fitness of electors for the discharge of their functions is, if not an acknowledgment of moral responsibility, at least an interesting survival. A pauper will vote for the candidate of his party, and the capable citizen can do no more. Mr. TREVELYAN, who has, to the disappointment of many, become the most passionate of partisans, is never tired of repeating the preposterous assertion that Englishmen without votes are no better than serfs, or, as he sometimes puts it, than negro slaves. Surely he is not prepared to enslave outdoor or indoor paupers, however sternly he might treat criminals who have already undergone their term of punishment. In one of his late speeches Mr. TREVELYAN boasted that in a district of Suffolk or Essex, where up to this time two hundred farmers and tradesmen had been the only voters, they would now be swamped by ten times the number of enfranchised labourers. He apparently thought it wholly immaterial to consider whether the two hundred or the two thousand were likely to choose the better member. Mr. TREVELYAN on the same occasion paid a series of extravagant compliments to a revolutionary demagogue, who would probably command the unanimous vote of the pauper population. If the farmers had foreseen at the election of 1880 that they would be thrown over in favour of Mr. ARCH, even the bribe of the Ground Game Act and the Agricultural Holdings Act would not have sufficed to purchase the return of one Liberal county member. Radical orators and journalists have already begun to sneer at farmers, as if they were no better than scholars or gentlemen. In 1880 they were treated with a complimentary deference which is now reserved for agricultural labourers.

The Parliamentary encouragement of pauperism may probably lead to a large increase of the rates. When medical relief, including the distribution of comforts, no longer involves disqualification, it is not improbable that food and lodging will soon be declared indistinguishable from wine and spirits. In the meantime the medical clubs which were founded on the principle of insurance will too probably languish. In the opinion of some of the most competent authorities, medical assistance is, of all kinds of relief, that which working-men can most easily and most certainly provide for themselves. In many parts of the country the club organization meets all the needs of illness or of accident; but when the independence of the poorer classes came into collision with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S political interests, the earthen vessel was not strong enough to bear the shock of its brazen competitor. It is no light matter to check, and partially to reverse, the tendency of Poor-law Guardians to enforce, in the interest of all parties, a stricter administration of relief. The Poor-law Act of 1834 was the boldest, and has proved the most beneficial, of the legislative measures which have been passed within living memory. A sarcastic criticism on the promoters of the Bill might have been accepted as literally just. Nature, said CARLYLE, had no readier way of abolishing the old Poor-law than to create a body of men profoundly convinced that the abolition was the one thing needful. It was perfectly true that no other operation was at that time equally needful; and the firm faith of the political economists in the demonstrable truths of their science could alone have enabled them to

defeat the violent opposition which they encountered for many years. Only a short time ago a reaction arose against the false philanthropy which had relaxed the stringency of the law; and in consequence pauperism has been largely reduced, with still greater benefit to those who have been forced into independence than to the ratepayers themselves. The Medical Relief Bill will too probably put a stop to further improvement.

The Poor-law, in its original purpose and in its present form, has often, and justly, been described as a concession to Socialist principles. It is true that the maintenance of the whole population has now for three hundred years been a first charge on property. About sixty years ago the burden became so heavy that in some parishes the rates were nearly or quite equal to the rent, while the labourers were reduced to the lowest state of dependence and distress. No greater evil could be inflicted on the country than the revival of the abuses of the old Poor-law. The chief objection to Mr. JESSE COLLINGS'S Bill is that it removes one security against the encouragement of pauperism. Up to the present time it has mattered little, except by reason of the assertion of a sound principle, whether recipients of relief forfeited the Parliamentary franchise. In the boroughs little out-door relief has been commonly distributed, and the inmates of workhouses could not claim a vote as householders. In the counties few persons who had received either general or medical relief would have been entitled to the franchise. There is now some reason to fear that certain sections of the constituency will use their political power to obtain a relaxation of the present system. The enforcement of the workhouse test is necessarily unpopular with those whom it affects, and it is not improbable that the class in which paupers are found may sympathize with its more unfortunate members. The contention of demagogues that poverty is to be relieved and subsidized at the expense of owners of property will seem to derive confirmation from the Medical Relief Bill. Those who prefer the receipt of gratuitous aid to the satisfaction of independence will cease to be described in Mr. TREVELYAN'S vocabulary as serfs or slaves. Pauperism, become respectable and invested with political power, will lose some of its terrors. Further relaxations of the severe provisions of the law may hereafter be recommended by similar arguments. The demands of the poor on the comparatively rich will be preferred with less consciousness of degradation when they are no longer confined to claims of shelter, of food, and of clothing. It will be pleasanter to take a share of blackmail or ransom than to solicit alms. If labourers are to be provided with houses and gardens out of the rates or taxes, they can scarcely be refused the exercise of the vote when they have gratuitously acquired the qualification. The Medical Relief Bill is not an important measure, but it has done some mischief both by throwing discredit on the House of Commons and by perceptibly reducing to a still lower level the political rank of a capable citizen.

ODDS AND ENDS NAVAL AND MILITARY.

ALTHOUGH there has been no naval or military news of much general interest, no little victory or, what is unhappily more common, no great scandal during the past week, the papers have not been barren of information as to the state of the services. The nomination of General Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS to succeed Sir DONALD STEWART as Commander-in-Chief in India is one item, and by no means the least satisfactory. By this change the Indian Council will obtain the assistance of a most exceptionally competent military adviser, and the Indian army will be put in the hands of an officer who has given proofs of fitness to command. Few English generals have for many years had an opportunity of showing whether they had the qualities required for the direction of military operations on a large scale; but General ROBERTS has been one of those few. For obvious reasons, it is satisfactory to know that an officer who has passed with success through tolerably severe trials is at the head of the Indian army at this moment. Perhaps, too, the formation of the Naval and Military Officers' Association deserves notice among other events concerning the services. It is not the kind of incident likely to attract general attention, for it is the reverse of picturesque or even pleasing to look at. The Association has been formed to help half-retired officers to find paying work. According to the statements made to the meeting at the United Service Institution, there are just twice as many officers unem-

ployed as on active service. The difficulties and hardships of that position are well known. It is unfortunately the case, and always has been, that the majority of naval and military officers must look forward to retirement on pensions of very diminutive proportions; but, as far as the army is concerned, that prospect was lightened under the purchase system. Now when the army is becoming a more severely professional body, the old evil is worse and the compensations are fewer. It is to be hoped that the Association will supply their place; for though it is far from desirable that every officer should be considered entitled to pass his life in the service, whether he is fit for superior command or not, it will scarcely work for the good of the service if officers are made to understand that, as a rule, they will be retired in middle life, without other resources, to a condition of idleness and poverty. The prospect can hardly fail to deter the unmoneyed men, for whose supposed benefit, quite as much as for any other reason, the purchase system was abolished. The founders of the Association will get little comfort from Lord WOLSELEY'S speech at the Mansion House. At the end he expressed a hope that promotion by seniority will be abolished, and "a careful system of selection" will take its place. The commendable object of the change is, of course, to secure fit men for commands, but a majority of officers will probably incline to the opinion that selection would work exclusively in favour of those who are known to belong to the reforming or anti-reforming party which happens to have the upper hand at the War Office. The greater part of Lord WOLSELEY'S speech did not differ from his previous after-dinner addresses. We have by this time become accustomed to his habitual praise of the new state of things and the new men. When he asserts for the twentieth time that our soldiers were never so brave, so well behaved, or so sober as they are at present, that every successive force he commands is better than the last, and so forth, we accept his genial views as just part of the remarkable whole known as Lord WOLSELEY. The defects of his arguments have been pointed out again and again; but he being a strong man goes his road indifferent to facts and logic. At the Mansion House he was only a little more rosy than usual, and it was quite consistent with the time, the place, and the habits of the speaker that he should have gone out of his way to praise General McNEILL in words which would have been very appropriate if used by General LEE about General STONEWALL JACKSON.

Lord CHARLES BERESFORD sang in another strain. The navy was his subject, and, as is well known, that service has been going to the devil since the days of HENRY VIII. In the opinion of Lord BERESFORD it has almost reached its destination by this time. A few days ago he professed that, if he had the choice, he would rather command the ships of the French than the English navy—after certain changes of crew of course. On Wednesday night he was as hopeless as Sir CHARLES NAPIER used to be in his day. He drew a gloomy picture of the unprotected state of this country, and of the ease with which it might be paralysed by a well-planted blow. This kind of talk is also a matter of course, and only more respectable because less mischievous than endless praise of one's own particular nostrum. Over-statement of the truth is better, on the whole, than suppression of facts. Lord CHARLES BERESFORD errs on the side of exaggeration; but then that is no exceptional error in these days, when nobody seems to be able to state a case at all without the help of superlatives. If naval officers, and other authorities on the condition of the fleet, were to confine themselves to saying that it is not as strong as it should be, nobody would listen to them. Lord CHARLES BERESFORD was, therefore, wise in his generation, as well as faithful to an old tradition of the service, when he said so many gloomy things at the Mansion House. As he at least remembers, and reminds his hearers, that, although foreigners can build ships, they cannot build men, we do not feel that his strong language is very reprehensible. It is, of course, no answer to complaints about our navy to reply that foreign marines are in an equally bad or worse condition on the showing of their own witnesses; but it is certainly amusing to find Frenchmen echoing the loudest outcries from this side of the water, and making in a directly contrary sense the very comparisons we have lately been familiar with. This is what M. GABRIEL CHARMES, who takes charge of half the universe for the *Journal des Débats*, has lately been doing in the columns of that paper. He has shown by chapter and verse that the French navy does not contain ships enough, nor of the right kind, nor in the proper condition.

With the change of a few names his articles might have appeared as letters to the *Times* on the state of the English navy. For our part, we are inclined to discount the lamentations of both sides. At the same time, the attention of the proper persons may be called to the fact that M. CHARMES finds it disgraceful that the Ministry of Marine is content with ships which have a speed of sixteen knots an hour. Now our Admiralty was content till quite recently with fourteen. Lord CHARLES BERESFORD is not one of those critics who lay themselves open to the charge of pointing out faults without suggesting a remedy. He has a scheme for putting the navy right, and a very effectual one. He is of opinion that nothing less will do than a loan of twenty millions to be raised at once and spent forthwith on ships and fortifications. We wish he could have his way, not because we believe in more than a third or so of what is told us by the prophets of evil, but because in our opinion the navy can never be too strong or the coaling stations too well fortified; but those twenty millions will never be raised. Lord CHARLES BERESFORD, it is to be feared, will have to rest content with what is being done or a little more. Happily something is being done. New guns are being made, and Mr. SMITH is able to state that steps are being taken to fortify the coaling stations. Port Hamilton is not among the number, as it should be, which is a thing that must be looked to, but it is something to know that the War Office and Admiralty have at last made a beginning.

The discussion on last Monday night in Committee of Supply had the straggling character appropriate to the occasion. The army votes took up almost all the evening. As a matter of course, the misdoings of the commissariat came very much to the front. Dr. CAMERON repeated some of the charges he had already brought forward in a pamphlet published long ago. He reminded the War Office of the bad flour supplied to Lord WOLSELEY's army in Egypt, and of the pressed hay which turned out to be marsh-grass, or some such thing, and had to be used as bedding. On behalf of the War Office, he was asked to observe, in the well-known official style, that these were old stories, and to believe that nothing of the sort will happen again. Secretaries of State for War change, but the excuses of the Office remain the same. Some credit of a kind is due to one of them. Mr. DAWNEY pointed out that, if bad articles are accepted, it is largely because one Commissary-General cannot travel through the country examining stores and then have time to see whether what is supplied is up to sample. He is probably right; but what he brought forward as an excuse really amounts to a serious criticism of the whole organization of the War Office, and, it may be added, of the Admiralty. In these departments, the Commissariat and Transport Services are organized with an eye to doing the work of peace only. The inevitable result is that on the outbreak of war the machinery breaks down; but, although that may exculpate particular officers, it is no reason why the offices should be held to be free from blame, but is, on the contrary, a proof that they are in need of many changes. It is a matter for some surprise that the outspoken accusations of corruption brought forward last Monday should have been passed over as they have been. These charges are either false or not. In the first case, the member who makes them should be brought to book at once; in the second, vigorous measures should be taken to clear the departments. The official course is to reply with generalities, and so burk the question. Nobody can wish to see vague charges taken up lightly; but when the accusation is explicit and proofs are offered, and that was the case last Monday, then an inquiry should be made in the interest of the officials themselves.

THE CRUISE OF THE TORPID.

WE are not popular in France just now, and perhaps we do not much care. The French seem specially to delight in calling Englishmen "dirty," which is very funny indeed from the French. They are also overjoyed to study some recent rubbish, the gift to mankind of a truly enterprising pressman. Meanwhile, certain of their own novelists have been using as material for fiction the kind of garbage now offered to the young in the name of philanthropy. But, while we may not think that the French have a right more than other nations to plume themselves on the purity of their manners and on their devotion to the tub, we admit that the people of Calais at least may well think contemptuously of our athletes. On Saturday a torpid crawled

into the Calais harbour, an Oxford torpid eight, containing nine Englishmen, two of them very unwell. What on earth were they doing in that *galère*? startled England has requested to be told, and we certainly cannot suggest an answer. Some Oxford men of no repute whatever in the rowing world determined to cross the Channel in a torpid. There is not very much in the feat on a fine day. The Channel has been swum across; it has been crossed by a gallant officer in a canoe; water-velocipedes, we believe, have made the transit. Given a fine day (and Saturday was ideally fine), and given the crew of a college eight, or even of a torpid, in training, and the crossing of the Channel would be a little holiday. But the cautious mariners were accompanied by a tug, and had sponges, which two of them threw up long before Calais was reached. The stroke of the torpid was an athlete who can go anywhere and do anything; probably he took his place in the boat to save the others from unseemly collapse. He might have rowed back again in a skiff, very likely, had he chosen to do so; but why (except out of good nature) he went in that *galère* it is hard to conjecture.

In a book once, and we hope still, popular we read that "the Brazenface torpid was bumped, Number 3 fainting from fatigue." Opposite the gloomy tale in the newspaper Mr. VERDANT GREEN added the initials "V. G." There were two "V. G.'s" in the torpid that crossed the Channel. They collapsed from the heat, or from fatigue, or from want of training, and literally "could not pull the weight of their boots." Yet they stuck to the craft, which they must have seriously incommoded, and they entered Calais harbour and partook, we presume, of the *vin d'honneur* at the *gare*. *A la gare comme à la gare* is all very well, but these unsuccessful athletes cannot expect much honour in their own country. No one wanted them to row across the Channel at all; but it was most desirable that, if they did row, they should row well. If a French torpid had struggled into Dover, why that would have been a creditable feat, nor need we have criticized the condition of the men. Rowing has not become a French institution, to any great extent, but in England every college could turn out an eight capable of doing the journey pleasantly and easily, and of doing justice to a *bière d'honneur* afterwards. There are few more distressing characters than the men who climb or try to climb Alpine peaks without guides and without training. If a scratch team, some of whom had once played in their college second eleven, were to challenge the Australians, we should not think well of their valour; and discretion is a quality more to be commended in untrained, unheard-of oarsmen than a violent desire to cross the ocean in a racing boat. These unlucky youths must have given the French occasion to mock, which they are only too apt to do without occasion. We shall have ALPHONSE and AUGUSTE entering for the pairs at Henley next year, when, to be sure, they will find that there are, in England, oarsmen and oarsmen.

MR. BRIGHT AND THE IRISH MEMBERS.

THERE could scarcely be a more significant testimony to that rhetorical indiscretion which has grown upon Mr. BRIGHT with advancing age than the fact that he has twice within the last two years exposed himself to at least a plausible charge of breach of Parliamentary privilege by his manner of speaking of the Irish members. It is difficult to draw any parallel from sport or pastime which could give the proper measure of the gratuitousness, and for any ordinarily careful player the difficulty, of committing this particular blunder in the political game. Revoking with all the cards in your hand in order to win a superfluous trick may give a slight idea of its enormity; the ease with which it might have been avoided can only be duly estimated by reference to examples taken from the political game itself. When it is remembered that two years ago Mr. FORSTER rose in his place in the House of Commons and delivered an attack upon Mr. PARNELL and his party so terribly scathing as to reduce almost everything that has been said about them in public before or since to the level of mere mild lecturing—when, we say, it is remembered that Mr. FORSTER could denounce the Parnellites in this fashion for an hour and a half, and yet provoke no further interference from the Chair than such as was necessary to suspend Mr. O'KELLY for insultingly contradicting him, Mr. BRIGHT's recent escapade at the dinner given to Lord SPENCER must appear more remarkable than ever. It seems strange, indeed, that the practised oratory of

the senior member for Birmingham should not have enabled him to perform even outside Parliament a feat which the much less elaborate art of the member for Bradford could contrive to compass with perfect ease within its walls. A single glance, however, at the language used by the after-dinner orator is sufficient to account for his failure. It is only the Church of Rome which can afford to speak in terms of *semper, ubique, et ab omnibus* in such a magnificent fashion as Mr. BRIGHT attempted. To say of the Irish members that they have obstructed all "legislation intended to discover or prevent crime"; that there has been "nothing" done in the direction of discovering crime or of detecting and punishing criminals which has not been directly and persistently obstructed by them; that they have denounced "every" man in Ireland concerned with the just administration of the law, and "attacked indiscriminately every jury" by which any guilty man has been convicted; and, lastly, that they have exhibited a "boundless sympathy for criminals and murderers"—this must have been felt by every one—or, to avoid the fault we are condemning, let us say by most people—to be much "too large an order." Even the Parnellites, inexhaustible as are their energies and eloquence, could not, if they would, have attacked all the Irish judges and all the Irish juries before and by whom every criminal convicted in Ireland since the Crimes Act has been tried; nor can the phrase a "boundless sympathy with criminals and murderers" be made, we will not say justifiable, but even intelligible in its application to men whose sympathy with such persons, assuming it to exist, is certainly restrained within the strictest bounds of personal prudence.

The innuendo, moreover, of this last charge is unfortunately itself indefensible, for Mr. BRIGHT did not, as we understand him, intend to refer generally to agrarian crime and the habitual attitude of the Irish members with regard to it, so much as to the action which they have been taking during the last two years with respect to certain particular crimes, of which the Maamtrasna murder is the most typical example. And here Mr. BRIGHT showed an almost perverse ingenuity of misdirected attack; for when he was not denouncing their action on the wrong grounds, he was describing it by the wrong name. To persuade oneself, however unreasonably, that a guilty man is innocent is not to show sympathy with criminals; and to support the guilty man's claims by scandalous charges against an Irish Viceroy who has refused to admit his innocence is, however reprehensible, not in itself an act of disloyalty. Lord SPENCER, though he represents the Crown in so far as he is the trustee of the Royal prerogative of mercy, is merely a Minister like another in so far as he deliberates, or in the strictest sense of the phrase "advises himself," as to its exercise; and it is solely in this capacity that he has been exposed to the attacks—very disgraceful, we quite admit—of the Irish members. Mr. BRIGHT has never at any time condescended to trouble himself much with constitutional technicalities. Had he done so, he would have seen that the application of his test of disloyalty would make it impossible for a member of Parliament to challenge the decisions of English Home Secretaries on appeals for the remission of criminal sentences without violating his oath of allegiance. The mode of challenging such decisions is another matter; but slander is odious enough in itself without being confounded with sedition. Mr. BRIGHT's mistakes, however, were almost outdone by his apologists in the House of Commons. Lord HARTINGTON, in an unwontedly intemperate and imprudent speech, attempted to justify even the charge of "boundless sympathy with murderers and criminals," and then, in response to exclamatory protests, added:—"Even if that allegation has been denied, it is quite certain that unbounded sympathy has been shown by some hon. members of this House with men whom they may perhaps consider innocent, but who have been convicted by the tribunals of their country, and whom I am entitled equally to consider as murderers and criminals." This is deplorably bad pleading; for, of course, the issue to be tried is not whether Lord HARTINGTON is entitled to consider the convicted men guilty, but whether Mr. BRIGHT is entitled to question the sincerity with which the Irish members maintain their innocence. And what makes the bad plea worse is that a perfectly good plea—at least of the *ad hominem* order—and thoroughly relevant to the issue, lay ready to hand; the plea, namely, that whether Mr. BRIGHT was or was not entitled to convey the imputation in question, the Irish members have disqualified them-

selves from objecting to it. Obviously it would be just as legitimate, neither more nor less, for Mr. BRIGHT to say that the Irish members know MYLES JOYCE to have been guilty, as it is for them to say that Lord SPENCER knows him—and, what is worse, knew him before his execution—to be innocent. A charge of wilful murder under forms of law is certainly not retaliated with undue violence by a charge of sympathizing with murderers. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who was called to his feet by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's well-conceived diversion against him, was more discreet than his late colleague, and confined himself to an expression of regret that Irish members had not more frequently and publicly expressed their detestation of agrarian crime—a regret which many of us felt acutely with respect to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN himself in the eventful years 1880 and 1881. Of Lord RANDOLPH's criticism of the language which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had himself applied to the Irish Executive, he was of course obliged to take notice; but in vindicating himself from the hypothetical charge of disloyalty, he did not seem to perceive that he was throwing over Mr. BRIGHT by clearing the Irish members of the closely analogous accusation which he had made against them. So far, indeed, as purely political propriety is concerned, and leaving all aspersions on personal character aside, the only difference, so far as we can see, between Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's recent attacks on the Irish Executive and those of the Parnellites is that the one has and the others have not taken a responsible part in administering the system which they condemned.

The proceedings of last Tuesday night would not, of course, have been complete without another wholly unjust and unprovoked reflection on the leader of the House of Commons. Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH's duty in the matter was so plain and simple, and was to all impartial judgment so blamelessly discharged, that one might have thought him secure in this instance at least against injurious Opposition criticism. The case was manifestly not one in which the leader of the House could have supported a motion of breach of privilege; while, on the other hand, it was just as manifestly not one in which the language complained of could be defended; and Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH put both these points to the House with a discretion and moderation which ought to have silenced the most captious of objectors. But no; Lord HARTINGTON must needs take him to task for having so "calmly" expressed his regrets for Mr. BRIGHT's language, and must challenge him "to say that that language was too strong or inappropriate" or inapplicable to the men who habitually, in season or out of season, bring hideous charges against the head of the "Irish Government." The strength of the language is nothing to the point; it is not a question of strength, but of direction; and as to inappropriateness and inapplicability, there can be no more inappropriate or inapplicable reply to men who make "hideous charges" than to say something which gives them a plausible opening for retort. As to the insinuation that Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH is not adequately shocked at the charges themselves, there was no ground for it whatever. The leader of the House of Commons has already condemned them on all fitting occasions for so doing; and that he did not regard the debate of the other night as constituting a fitting occasion for repeating this condemnation is natural enough. He did not consider these charges as excusing the language which Mr. BRIGHT had used, as undoubtedly from the Parliamentary point of view—the only point from which the question was being discussed—they do not; and not considering them as an excuse for the language with which he was dealing, he rightly considered them as having no direct relevance to the subject of his remarks. His speech, in short, was exactly the kind of speech which any leader of the House of either party would make, we would undertake to say, in similar circumstance. The Opposition must, indeed, have been in great straits to find in it any handle for attack.

UNTRIED PRISONERS.

THE position of an innocent person charged with the commission of a crime is, and must always be, a disagreeable one. This sounds like a truism, but it is one which a good many people appear to have a difficulty in recognizing. Even HER MAJESTY's judges, in their moments of weakness, occasionally fail to remember that hardships of this character are a necessary consequence of the existence of criminal law, and let fall *obiter* remarks

which, perhaps, in these days when every little speech that a judge makes is fully reported, would be better retained in *gremio legis*.

On the 16th of June in this year a woman named DOWNING was committed for trial at the Devonshire Assizes on a charge of concealing the birth of her illegitimate child. No one being prepared to give bail for her appearance at the Assizes, she was sent to prison in the usual course, and there remained until the 25th of July, when the grand jury threw out the bill, and she was set at liberty. Sir HENRY HAWKINS, who was the presiding judge, saw his opportunity of making a little speech, and accordingly made one which is very likely considered in the neighbourhood of Exeter to have done equal credit to his heart and his head. He pointed out that DOWNING had "been put to the misery, inconvenience, and disgrace of having been kept in gaol for six weeks awaiting her trial, which could never take place now, the grand jury having said that there was no case against her." Unless the judge has been wronged by the reporter, he made a little slip here; for, as no one knows better than he, the grand jury having ignored the bill once is no sort of reason why they should not find a true bill another time if they should think proper. Sir HENRY HAWKINS further pointed out that the charge against DOWNING did not involve any allegation of cruelty to the child, being simply one of concealing its dead body. If this is to be taken as a qualification of the general recommendation to which it led up, it is not a consideration of much weight, because it is impossible for persons not concerned in that particular case to know what the precise circumstances of it were. Women are frequently convicted of concealment of birth under circumstances which create grave suspicions that the child was in fact murdered, and it is only in these cases that any really severe punishment is inflicted. The substance of the judge's observations was that prisoners in such cases ought not to be put in prison pending their trials. He concluded by saying:—"I hope bail will be extended to a great many more persons than it is extended to now. When no one will come forward the prisoner's own recognizances ought to be accepted if no serious consequences are involved."

It is to be hoped that magistrates will hesitate before they adopt any such rule as this. Of course, if there is no probability on the evidence before them of a conviction, they ought not to commit for trial; but, inasmuch as they are but mortal, differences of opinion between them and grand juries will from time to time occur. It is happily notorious that the proportion of prisoners committed for trial who are eventually acquitted is very small. It is inevitable, if we are to maintain, as it is to be hoped that we shall long maintain, the principle that the best judicial machinery at our disposal should be applied to the determination of criminal cases of any considerable importance, that periods of some duration should occasionally intervene between commitment and trial. The question is how to attain complete security that the prisoners shall be forthcoming to take their trial. If they are to be left at large on their own recognizances, there will be no security at all. To the vast bulk of persons accused of crime it is a matter of perfect indifference whether they owe the QUEEN 20*l.* or 50*l.* or nothing. If they are guilty, they will be glad enough to enter into their recognizance to any amount, and to disappear. And nothing can be more certain than that no one will give bail for a friend if he knows that the result of his refusing to do so will be that the friend will be set free without. Where bail is given the prisoner who is bailed has a motive for appearing to take his trial, and the surety has the strongest motive for seeing that he does so. But, if there is nothing but the prisoner's own recognizance, he will, in most cases, have to choose between forfeiting the amount of his recognizance and going to prison on conviction. Of course he will choose the former, which may result in capture, but may result in escape. It might be a good thing that every guilty accused person should be driven from the neighbourhood of his crime, or from the country altogether, but it is much better, if only for the sake of example, that he should be caught and punished. We have no materials upon which to speculate whether the magistrates who committed DOWNING for trial were well or ill advised; but there can be no doubt that the suggestion of Sir HENRY HAWKINS would, if adopted, lead to a vastly increased chance of impunity for criminals, and thereby promote in a most undesirable degree the existing facilities for the commission of crime.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

VAGUE proposals of an indefinite extension of local government are likely to produce either disappointment or more serious results. If it is undesirable that all national institutions should be left to the mercy of the numerical majority, a tyrannical use of arbitrary local despotism is to be at least as earnestly apprehended. The probable operation of District and County Boards in Ireland has been opportunely illustrated by a report of the administration of the Poor-law. It appears, as might have been expected, that where the gentry control the Unions as *ex-officio* Guardians, the funds are honestly and economically applied to their proper purposes. Elected majorities have also justified the calculations of those who knew the country by levying extravagant rates, especially on the landlords, and by making allowances three or four times as large as the ordinary grants made to genuine paupers, for the encouragement and support of contumacious tenants, some of whom possess valuable property. There is no doubt that a county rate levied by a governing body taken from the same class will be applied to purposes equally corrupt. Except in Ulster, the Boards will be nominated by the local or central managers of the organization which may from time to time correspond to the existing National League. The Grand Juries which have hitherto raised and expended the local funds may possibly in some instances have promoted or countenanced jobs; but they have been, especially of late years, jealously watched, and there is reason to believe that their administration has, on the whole, tended to public advantage. It would have been far better to introduce improvements into the existing system than to create a score or two of elected Boards which will habitually oppress and plunder the more peaceable part of the population. For the present, it is premature to discuss Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's plan of a Home-Rule Irish Parliament, to be elected either by direct suffrage or by the County Boards. The certain result and the apparent purpose of such an arrangement would be the dissolution of the United Kingdom, for which even the Radical Caucuses are not yet prepared. The Scotch Parliament and the Welsh Parliament may, as merely decorative appendages of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's main plan, be provisionally disregarded.

The clamour for local government in Ireland is, for the most part, insincere and factious; but many upright politicians, some of whom may claim the rank of statesmen, attach grave importance to the establishment of elected local governments throughout the rural districts of Great Britain. Such a measure, whether or not it is likely to satisfy sanguine expectations, is recommended by so many plausible arguments, and by so general a concurrence of active or passive opinion, that the general question has passed beyond the region of controversy. Lord BEACONSFIELD's Government, having accepted on behalf of the Conservative party the general principle of elective local administration, incurred just censure, first by producing an insufficient Bill, and then by allowing it to drop. They had, indeed, ascertained that the county ratepayers cared little for the removal of a theoretical grievance; but experienced Ministers ought to have known that it is prudent to abate an anomaly when the provision of a substitute can be dispassionately considered. If Sir RICHARD CROSS had framed an efficient Bill and used the Government majority to pass it into law, subsequent agitation would have been in great measure disarmed. His proposal was necessarily unacceptable to the country gentlemen, who were nevertheless open to reason. They knew that the magistrates in Quarter Sessions had administered the county funds with scrupulous fidelity; but they might easily have been convinced that it was at the present day impossible to levy taxes without some kind of representation. Sir RICHARD CROSS, in an excessive spirit of conciliation, by his Bill allowed the justices to retain an unreasonably large share of local authority. The farmers were consequently indifferent to the passing of the Bill, and the county members, personally preferring the old system, experienced no pressure from their constituents. The measure, which is apparently to be the first business submitted to the next Parliament, will be much more sweeping; but it will encounter no formidable opposition if it is framed on the model of the Municipal Corporations Act. That measure has been approved by the experience of fifty years; and, although an urban population has special facilities for organization and for the exercise of administrative functions, rural municipalities may by means of suitable arrangements become not less efficient. In many parts of

the country Local Boards already possess many of the most important attributes of municipal Corporations. In the six counties of South Wales, the roads have for nearly half a century been managed by County Roads Boards consisting partly of *ex-officio* members with an elected majority.

The most indispensable condition of a judicious measure for the extension of local government is that any new administrative bodies which may be created should be subject to the restrictions and checks which have secured general purity of municipal administration in towns. Declaimers on the subject invariably assume that the functions of local government are to be extended with its area. Irish agitators, naturally taking the lead in audacity, have already begun to complain that the accounts of Boards of Guardians are supervised by an auditor who obstinately declines to sanction payments for the promotion of agricultural improvements and of middle-class education. Popular orators in England, while they prudently abstain from detailed promises and demands, are never tired of recommending their favourite nostrum, on the ground that it will facilitate the devolution of some of the functions of Parliament. No definition is furnished of the special legislative duties which are to be thus transferred to County Boards. The Corporations of the great provincial towns have never possessed any powers of the kind; and, if the vague proposal applies to private Bill legislation, the assumption by municipalities of judicial powers would lead to unbounded abuse and corruption. Local governing bodies are constantly parties to litigation before Parliamentary Committees; and, if in any case they were not directly interested in a contest, they have no kind of judicial aptitude. No one ever heard of the voluntary reference of any litigated question to the arbitration of a municipal body. It is not to their discredit that they always represent special interests which it may be their duty to prefer to wider public expediency. The Mersey Canal has often been cited as an instance of the uncertainty and delay of Parliamentary inquiries. The merits of the scheme could not have been investigated or determined if the Corporations of Liverpool and Manchester had exercised control over the decision.

The control of local expenditure either by courts of justice or by official auditors has a moral as well as a financial value. Town Councillors and the county councillors of the future are, as Mr. GLADSTONE said for another purpose of the whole male population, of the same flesh and blood with the middle classes of Europe and America. It would be rude and unjust to suspect that the actual members of local governing bodies might yield to temptation if it were offered. The real effect of a relaxation of legal checks would be that dishonest adventurers would seek election. TWEED and his accomplices, who twenty years ago were chosen by the Irish constituency, with full knowledge of their character and intentions, to govern the City of New York, have lately found imitators on a humble scale in some of the functionaries of the Eastern Fever Hospital, and in some of the tradesmen with whom they have dealt. TWEED furnished the County Hall at an expense of 500,000*l.*, of which the surplus, after paying the real price of the goods, was distributed in certain proportions between himself and the upholsterers whom he employed. It cannot be doubted that he was also, like some of his English imitators, liberal in his purchases of champagne. It is possible that some of the evidence in the recent case may have been exaggerated; but, even if the whole statement of the transactions of the Hospital were disproved, it is enough that the story is not incredible. An Irish Board of Guardians which might be allowed by law to promote agricultural improvement out of the rates would probably intercept for its own purposes a considerable percentage of the authorized subsidy. It must not be forgotten that several agitators for the extension of local government have proposed that County Boards should buy lands and build houses for the accommodation of their poorer constituents, and no doubt with a professed purpose of promoting agricultural improvement. Some democratic enthusiasts care little for local government, except that they expect it to provide a powerful instrument of plunder.

Much cant has been talked about the tendency of local administration to serve as an apprenticeship for the training of statesmen. Elderly townsmen who have served as Common Councillors and Mayors are a highly respectable class of the community, and many of them are presentable and useful members of Parliament; but Oxford and Cambridge and the Pall Mall temples of luxury have produced a much larger proportion of statesmen than all the muni-

cipalities in the kingdom. PITT, FOX, CANNING, PEEL, RUSSELL, PALMERSTON, DISRAELI, and GLADSTONE never sat in a Town Council. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN furnishes almost a solitary instance of a mayor who has ripened into a Cabinet Minister, and it is but justice to his ability to admit that he would have been a leader of the party of anarchy and revolution if there had been no Corporation of Birmingham. He has not waited for any Act of Parliament to organize the Caucus. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON in the last generation and Sir RICHARD CROSS in the present have exhibited, in the first instance as Chairmen of Quarter Sessions, the qualities which have raised them to the head of great departments of State. Their examples may perhaps illustrate the educational value of provincial training, but neither of the county Chairmen was elected to his earlier post by household suffrage. The whole discussion is unimportant. No legislator in his senses would create a new provincial organization as a nursery for Cabinet Ministers. The future Local Government Bill will be framed and passed for entirely different reasons, and it may possibly do some good, if the ambitious intentions of its chief promoters are abandoned on more mature consideration. There is no doubt that local taxation will be largely increased; but in some instances the County Boards will receive value for their outlay.

THE RELIGIOUS DIFFICULTY IN DAHOMEY.

EVEN the most tolerant minds must think, with some disesteem, of religion as it exists in Dahomey. Whether the piety of Dahomey be a degenerate form of a purer and earlier faith, or whether it be the organized form of savage faith on a large scale, it is extremely inconvenient to the civilized neighbours of the African kingdom. What CORTES found among the Aztecs, what we found among the Khonds—namely, human sacrifices of great sanctity and splendour—constitute the well-known Custom of Dahomey. Even the most “regardless” savages, on the lowest scale of development, do not eat members of their own stock. They are, so to say, “exophagous,” just as they are exogamous, and (except on certain special religious occasions) a savage will only eat people with whom he may intermarry—that is, people whom he believes to be entirely beyond all trace of blood-relationship to himself. Now the custom of Dahomey, which has just been performed with unusual vigour, seems to be a survival of the habits of cannibalism. Men who are man-eaters naturally suppose their gods to have the same tastes as themselves. In ancient Mexico, as in Dahomey to-day, cannibals, or races just passing out of the cannibal stage, races with some organization, wealth, and central government, sacrificed human beings in perfect hecatombs. It appears that a vestige of actual cannibalism, a ceremonial semblance of cannibalism, survives in the Dahomey Custom. If this view of the origin of these abominable cruelties be correct, we should expect to find that the sacrificed persons are aliens, foreigners, captives kidnapped or taken in war. The exophagous prohibition among the lower cannibals forbids the eating of tribesmen. When cannibalism is losing its hold of daily life it occasionally survives in religion, and is limited in the ritual of human sacrifice by the old exophagous prohibition. The victims slain before the gods or fetishes must not be natives of the country. They must be brought in from lands beyond the borders. Among the Aztecs, as every reader of PRESCOTT is aware, captives taken in war usually supplied the tribute to the deities whose names it is hard to pronounce and impossible to spell. As ACOSTA says, in the old English translation (*The Naturall and Morall Historie of the East and West Indies*, BLOUNT & ARSLEY. London: 1604), “to the end we may see the great miserie wherein the Divell holds this blind Nation, I will relate particularly the custome and inhumane manner which they have observed: first the men they did sacrifice were taken in the warres, neither did they vse these solemne sacrifices but of captives; so as it seemes they have followed therein the custom of the Ancients.” Among the Khonds we find that the Meriahs, or human victims, had also to be obtained from abroad. But it was a trace, perhaps, of advancing culture among the Khonds, a sign of the decline of “militarism” (which should rejoice Mr. HERBERT SPENCER), that the Meriahs were not to be taken in war, but to be bought with a price. The Panoo caste used to make a regular business of kidnapping people in the plains, and then selling them as Meriahs to the pious Khonds, who, as long as they got the article in the orthodox way, asked

no questions about its *provenance*. The price, by the way, was usually paid in kind, the institution being too archaic to encourage transactions in coined money, still less in bills at three months. As kinship is reckoned through the women, the practice of breeding Meriahs for the home markets, by taking Meriah wives (the price of the children so bred being nominal), came into existence.

The Dahomey people have no such interesting refinements. According to the newspapers, which we may hope have received an exaggerated account, the King of DAHOMEY has just sent an army of ten thousand men and women into the French protectorate of Porto Novo, and the army has carried off one thousand human victims for religious purposes. The King of DAHOMEY is the eldest son of his Church, the savage and cannibal church of Paganism, but it can hardly be expected that the French will tolerate his behaviour. We certainly must be prepared to face the religious difficulty caused by his pious opinions. Porto Novo is next door to Lagos; the King of DAHOMEY must not come to Lagos next year in search of victims. We put down the custom of the Khonds, and by great good luck the crops were thus more easily reconciled to part with their human sacrifices. The Dahomey people must be made to sacrifice mere "men of straw," like the Romans and Chinese, and to put up with some harmless legal or ritual fiction, some substitute for "the goat without horns." The religious difficulty in Dahomey is certain to give the French trouble, and our turn may come in no long time.

EGYPT.

THE most interesting event of this week in relation to Egypt is Mr. PLUNKET's excellent speech on the proposed GORDON statue, contrasting as it did with the ignoble and petty cavilling of Sir WILFRID LAWSON. The issue of the Egyptian loan as an accomplished fact, and the account given by Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH of the purposes of Sir H. DRUMMOND-WOLFF's visit to the East, with the announced intention to take steps for the relief of Kassala, are the most important items of intelligence in reference to Egypt itself. It was so certain that some persons would represent them one and all as unimportant that it seems only surprising that they took the trouble to make the representation. The issue of the loan is, of course, a mere corollary of the acts of the late Government, and it is equally, of course, unnecessary even to attempt an explanation of the fact that somehow or other the corollary which might have been expected any time for months during the period that Mr. GLADSTONE was in power has become a fact within a few weeks of the substitution of Lord SALISBURY for Mr. GLADSTONE. The relief of Kassala is with equal certainty in both senses set down to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's remarks last week. So that in this case, as in the case of Ireland, this fortunate politician is able to accomplish objects for which he has been secretly pining for years while in power by merely taunting his opponents as soon as he is out of power. We shall be very happy to supply Mr. CHAMBERLAIN with a list of measures on subjects Egyptian and other which are desirable; and, if he will exert this strange mesmeric force of his for the purpose of furthering them, we shall be almost persuaded to become his disciples. It is fortunately evident that no evidence of former distaste for them on his own part will prevent him from doing this.

The announcement in regard to Sir H. DRUMMOND-WOLFF's mission is, however, the most important. Here the note of the amiable and candid criticism with which the present Government is being so lavishly favoured (and of which the cavils on the method of issuing the loan give yet another instance) is slightly changed. Neither Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, nor Lord GRANVILLE, nor Mr. GLADSTONE can very well be credited with this mission; the word is, therefore, passed that it is quite superfluous, and that Ministerial announcements respecting it are illusory. Now as a mere mission for the examination of Egypt we have ourselves no high opinion of it; its real importance comes from the announcement that the new envoy is to take counsel with the Porte before discharging himself of his mission. This naturally rouses the ire, ill-concealed by affected indifference, of those whose notions of Eastern policy consist in a remembrance of the Bulgarian agitation. But, though it would be exaggeration to say that the whole, or even a very large part, of the em-

barrassments of the late Government in Egypt arose from their traditional hostility to the Porte, there is no doubt that that hostility counted for much in the awkwardness of their attitude towards the other European Powers. As if they had not had difficulties of matter to contend with, they chose to put themselves hopelessly wrong in form. Not content with ostentatiously ignoring the SULTAN's natural desire to be consulted as to the interior affairs of what, after all, is a part of his dominions—though a part standing in a peculiar relation to him—they redistributed, gave away, and abandoned those dominions themselves in a fashion which might have made the hair of a not very weak-minded international lawyer stand on end. They—third parties with no visible *locus standi* whatever—forced the SULTAN's vassal to fling away great tracts of territory held under the SULTAN. They presented towns and tracts of land, nominally and in strictness as much Turkish as Constantinople or Beyrout, to fourth parties. They not only neglected to ask the SULTAN's opinion, which could have done them little harm, or to secure his aid, which might have done them some good; but, as far as has publicly appeared, and certainly as far as can ever appear from the actual facts of their action (whatever diplomatic revelations may be made), they ignored him altogether. The reversal of this part of their policy, and the substitution of conduct which ordinary international justice and courtesy demand for the neglect of both shown by the proceedings of the late Government, is of itself a very great gain. Continental observers who are well acquainted with the facts say that the extraordinary dislike which Mr. GLADSTONE's Government had the knack of exciting throughout Europe (it must be remembered that this dislike not so very long ago prevailed at Rome quite as much as anywhere else) was due to nothing so much as the rude neglect of ordinary courtesy which characterized its dealings.

One thing, however, it may be most earnestly hoped Sir H. DRUMMOND-WOLFF is not instructed to do, and that is to enter into any negotiations tending to substitute some other person for the present KHEDIVE. After Lord SALISBURY's words not long ago there may seem to be little danger of this, and perhaps there is little. But the well-known desire of all the shady Continental politicians to whom the reign of ISMAIL PASHA was one shower of manna, and the constant underhand wirepulling which goes on in reference to Egyptian politics by all manner of stockjobbers, diplomatists of the lowest order, traffickers in news and the like, make it very important that the English Government should show a firm front in this matter. To speak with perfect frankness, it does not matter a rush who is Khedive of Egypt so long as the person who is Khedive does what his English advisers recommend him to do. But it matters very much that England should not abandon a *protégé* of whose failure to perform his own part of the bargain there is no evidence of the slightest value. And it matters still more that she should not abandon him because of the unpopularity which he is supposed to have incurred at Continental Courts by acts which, in common sense and fairness, were England's acts. Whether the suspension of the Sinking Fund and other acts of the same kind were wise or not (our own opinion is not changed, and we hold that, if Mr. GLADSTONE has calculated and taken the consequences of them, they were not necessarily unwise acts), they must be set to the credit of the protecting Power. To charge TEWFIK or any of TEWFIK's Ministers with them is simply ridiculous. Not much less ridiculous is the talk about TEWFIK's un-English sentiments, about the Anglophobe feeling of the Palace, and the like. In the first place, the Palace is perfectly powerless to resist any intelligent, determined, systematic enforcement of English reforms, and, in the second place, TEWFIK must be not only one of the basest (that adjective has no great meaning in Oriental politics) but one of the foolishlest potentates on earth if he is ill disposed towards the only nation which has either the will or the power to support him. It is not necessary to say any harm of ISMAIL, who was quite as much sinned against as sinning. But what is absolutely certain is that ISMAIL never could be got to play the only part which is open to an Egyptian Khedive as long as it is necessary that Egypt should be occupied and her affairs directed by England. He would, no doubt, if he would consent to do so, make a very valuable instrument for edging England out of the country, and it requires no extraordinary intelligence and knowledge of the facts to perceive that it is in the hopes of using him as such that most of his partisans put his claims forward. Again, he might

conceivably, if left to reign in complete independence, turn over a new leaf, and be as economical as he always was capable in all matters but economy. But a Khedive to rule Egypt independently is not wanted just now. It is therefore no less England's interest than it is her duty to make the best of the Khedive whom she made, whom she has used in very difficult, dangerous, and to him unpleasant matters, and who is not known to have failed in zeal, fidelity, or compliance with her wishes. A capable Resident would very soon remove anything that there may be un-English about TEWFIK's Palace, and it is impossible to imagine any Khedive better fitted or more likely to play the required part than TEWFIK himself.

DE MORTUIS.

A GOOD many Englishmen will be moved to ask next Tuesday afternoon why a funeral service should be held in Westminster Abbey in honour of General GRANT? What had General GRANT to do with Westminster Abbey? A great deal may be accounted for in matters which jointly concern us and the United States by a feeling that cordiality should be encouraged between the two countries. But a few flags half-mast high, a few muffled peals would, it might have been thought, suffice to show our respect for the memory of a former President of the American Republic. Did we show even so much respect for M. THIERS when he died? Such courtesies, within bounds, sober and respectful, are calculated to cement the alliance of great nations. But there is such a thing as overdoing politeness, and a funeral in Westminster Abbey is just the kind of exaggerated compliment which ought to have been avoided. We do not remember any service in honour of President LINCOLN. Had such a thing been possible we may be sure the late Dean would not have let the opportunity slip. It has been our unpleasant duty to remonstrate more than once with a policy which tended to deprive burial in the Abbey of the significance many centuries had placed on it. Of late there has been a disposition to extend this honour, or at least the honour of a monument, to others than Englishmen. If we have a service for the funeral of General GRANT, why not a tablet or a bust? What answer, except an assent, could the DEAN and Chapter give a proposal on the part of the American residents in London to erect a statue in his memory, now that they have consented, or offered, to give him a funeral? The Americans share our feelings towards the Abbey Church as regards the past. SHAKESPEARE and MILTON and GRAY, the old Angevin kings, the statesmen and warriors of Queen ANNE's time, NEWTON, and the philosophers before him, are as much to them as to us. But since the establishment of the Transatlantic Republic there has been a difference, a difference which was one of the costs of the separation. Without any churlishness, it is impossible for an Englishman not to feel that Westminster Abbey has been for centuries associated with the memorials of great Englishmen, and that, however closely we may draw the tie between the two countries, the United States of North America are not England. It is conceivable, of course, that in the far future they may become, in a sense, England once more, and it is also conceivable that when those members of our Legislature who now spend an occasional evening accusing each other all round of disloyalty, or their successors of a later generation, have their way England may become one of the United States.

Meanwhile, however, we may be pardoned if we venture to think that a good many of our fellow-countrymen will agree with us that an allusion in to-morrow's or Sunday week's sermon would have been an ample recognition on the part of the DEAN and Chapter of the merits of the late ex-President. Nay, if we go a step further, and assert that such a recognition would have been more in accordance with good taste and with the exigencies of the case, we feel confident that most Americans worth considering will hold the same opinion. General GRANT was a great man in his own country. He performed a great but unpleasant task with unflinching tenacity of purpose and with a kind of blundering faith in the big battalions of the North which stood to him for genius. The United States owed him a debt of gratitude, and had they not forced him into the political arena, he might have gone down to posterity as a single-hearted soldier and a conquering hero. To make more of him even at the other side of the Atlantic is to make too much, while it is quite unnecessary at such a moment as this to say anything *nisi bonum* concerning his

two administrations. But here the case is wholly different. He conquered no territory for us. He was President when we paid the grossly-exaggerated *Alabama* claims, yet we received him with every demonstration of respect and welcome when he visited us subsequently. But that we should go further and concede him the one mark of honour which an Englishman holds the highest attainable by mortal man, and at the same time the most peculiarly English, is to overdo respect.

THE VOYAGEURS ON THE NILE.

THE Canadian voyageurs who piloted the flotilla up the Nile have not received the full credit due to them for the part they took in an expedition which, disastrous and unsuccessful as it was, brought out the fighting qualities of the British army admirably. Not only, indeed, have these men who served under Lord WOLSELEY so well failed to get much praise from the critics for the way in which they did their work, but they have been spoken of as having done it very badly, as having been insubordinate and of little use. The statement was officially contradicted, but official contradictions do not go for much in England, and possibly an impression still remains that they might have been dispensed with, and that on the whole their labours were not worth much. It is much to be regretted if this is the case, for nothing could be further from the truth. Speaking with full knowledge of the facts, and without the slightest fear of contradiction from any one who has such knowledge and who adheres to the truth, we can say that their services were of the greatest value to the expedition; that they worked zealously and strenuously, and showed all the high skill which was expected of them; and that, though it might perhaps be an exaggeration to state that the boats could not have got up the Nile if there had been no voyageurs, it cannot be doubted that the difficulty of doing so would have been far greater without the aid which these resolute and skilful Canadians and half-breeds were able to give. To call them incompetent was absurd. They were about as incompetent for their work as the Australian Eleven were for cricket; and the charge of insubordination brought against them was exaggerated if not wholly groundless. They always rendered implicit obedience to the officer in command, or, as they would have probably put it, to the head man, to the officer in charge of a station or a boat squadron; though they may not have thought themselves bound to follow the bidding of any captain or lieutenant who thought fit to give them directions on his own account. Of the pluck and zeal with which these "in-subordinate" men worked one example will suffice. A boat laden with stores with two voyageurs in it was, owing to a mistake made in hauling the ropes on shore, capsized in the worst part of the Semneh cataract. Rescued after being in great peril, the two men piloted the next boat up as though nothing had happened. Other instances of courage and good-will could easily be given; and it should be observed that some of these Canadians were not merely good boatmen, but men of considerable intelligence. One, for example, has written an excellent account of what he saw and did, and another showed a fine appreciation of geographical fact. At a station high up the Nile a voyageur was heard to say that, now that he had seen the Soudan country, he understood EUCLID's definition of a line—length without breadth.

The peculiar work which the voyageurs had to do turned out even more difficult than was expected, owing partly to the bad state of the river and partly to the absence of expected aid. The original plan had been that each boat should have in it a voyageur and a blue-jacket to do pilot work. Unfortunately two obstacles of a highly practical nature impeded the carrying out of this simple and excellent scheme. In the first place, there were 800 boats and but 360 voyageurs, and therefore, even if the process proposed in the judgment of SOLOMON had been resorted to, each boat would not have had its Canadian. In the second place, there were not so many blue-jackets as had been hoped for, owing to reasons which there is no need to consider now; and, moreover, the blue-jackets—most admirable men in many respects, brave, indefatigable, and nobly zealous—could not replace the Canadians as pilots in a most difficult stream. Small blame to them for this, which certainly was not astonishing. A sailor learns his work on the sea, not on inland torrents, and there is nothing in his training to teach him how to cope with a rapid full of rocks and shoals or with a "gate." Owing, then, to their own weakness in point of numbers,

to the sailors being also few, and to their not being specially qualified for the work to be done, the task of the voyageurs was, in truth, a heavy one. Most worthily they performed it, and without them it would have been enormously difficult to get the squadron of boats up portions of the Nile. A preliminary voyage up some of the cataracts was made by a party of voyageurs under the command of Colonel ALLEYNE and Captain LOUIS JACKSON, chief of the Canghnawaga Indians, of whom it may be briefly said that they are thought to be the best boatmen even in Canada, and that the pronunciation of their name is like the spelling of Mr. WELLER's—a matter of taste. The gallant Canghnawaga Captain, who is the author of the work alluded to above, seems to have been convinced by what he saw that preliminary surveys were not of much use, as in bad places the river was totally different one day from what it had been a few days before. After his examination the work of getting the boats up, in which he took a considerable part, began in earnest, and the voyageurs were thoroughly tried. At first the plan was, roughly speaking, that they should take a certain number of boats up a stage, then come down, take some more up, and so on. Later on a more rapid method was found practicable. As the water in the Nile fell the bad places became worse, and the stream—i.e. the comparatively placid portions of the river—easier, owing to the diminished force of the current. When this was observed, the voyageurs were stationed in gangs at the cataracts or rapids, gates, and so forth, to take the boats through the ugly bits of water. Whatever they had to do, whether to pilot steadily up the Nile or to pilot only through bad parts of the river, they always did cheerily and well, and in estimating the value of their labours it should be remembered that not only the troops, but the greater part of the stores, in the early part of the expedition at least, were taken up the river in the boats, only a small portion of the material having been conveyed in the nuggahs. Other assistance, besides good piloting, the Canadians were able to give, as it was found that not a few of them were not only excellent boatmen, but also excellent boat carpenters, and they largely helped, and not rarely instructed, the military craftsmen engaged in the difficult task of repairing the whalers. In every way, then, these brave, zealous, and skilful Canadians worked admirably, and surely they merit different treatment from that which they have received. They did, in most thorough fashion, all they were sent out to do, and something over and above. As a reward, they have been first depreciated and then politely ignored. Now that the campaign, in which so much that was glorious was marred by such a terrible misfortune, can be looked at calmly and viewed as a whole, the services of the voyageurs, who had no one to puff them, and did not know, or did not care, how to puff themselves, should receive that recognition which is most justly their due.

A POLITICIAN IN TROUBLE ABOUT HIS CRY.

OF all the perplexed Liberals who have in speech or writing confided to the public the secret of their present embarrassments, none has done so with a more touching candour and simplicity than Mr. REGINALD BRETT. Mr. BRETT has been listening to many electioneering speeches from the lights of his party, and has come away from all of them profoundly dissatisfied. He has been appealed to in every form of adjuration, literal and metaphorical, whereby the known reverence of Liberalism for antiquity can be invoked to assert itself; he has been exhorted to follow "the old man," to obey the "old pilot," to fight for the "old cause," to stick to the "old ship," to stand under the "old umbrella," and yet he is not happy. Some people's curiosity is insatiable, and nothing will serve Mr. BRETT but to know whether the old pilot is going to steer and the old ship to be steered, how the old cause is to be represented to the new electors, and what is to be considered as the exact area sheltered by the old umbrella. Neither from Mr. MORLEY nor Mr. TREVELYAN nor any other of the Liberal doctors can he get the information he requires; and, just as though he were a puzzled tourist and these gentlemen the authors of an imperfect guide-book, he opens his heart to the editor of the *Times*. It must, no doubt, he admits, appear a "desirable" thing to all sound Liberals to restore the "old man" or the "old pilot" (Mr. BRETT strangely describes the former title as less "euphonious") to power; but it is scarcely, he says, "an end in itself," and (this is the most astonishing remark

of all) "as a party cry it labours under a supreme disadvantage, which is this, that it is not one for which Mr. GLADSTONE can well exert all his matchless powers." We should have thought, though we may here be deemed to speak as in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity, that, if there were one party cry for which Mr. GLADSTONE could "well exert," and has formerly well exerted, "his matchless powers," it is that very cry which Mr. BRETT thinks must reduce these powers to partial paralysis. No cry has within our recollection ever proved more inspiring to Mr. GLADSTONE. But this by the way. What we want from our leaders, Mr. BRETT continues, "is not vague phrases about 'the old cause' and 'the old ship.' What we wish to know is this:—Are we to tell the agricultural labourers that, if a Liberal Government is returned to power, it will undertake to deal with the question of the land; that every effort will be made to break up large landed estates by the passing of such measures as Mr. BROADHURST'S Leasehold Bill, and by giving to the new and representative county authorities which will be at once created extensive powers of borrowing and lending, to enable them to engraft a population of labouring freeholders upon the land? Or may we rely upon our leaders to utter the conviction which I presume they feel that the time has now arrived when the connexion between a certain form of ritual and the State, well designed under other conditions and other circumstances, has ceased to serve its purpose, and may therefore be advantageously severed?"

That is all Mr. BRETT wants to know; but there is something very comic in the reproachful tone of the questions. "Half-past twelve, and not a blow struck!" is said to have been the disgusted exclamation of an Irishman at Donnybrook. "August upon us, and not an institution threatened!" is the very similar ejaculation of Mr. BRETT. "What are we going to destroy?" he asks impatiently of his leaders, "or is it possible that you expect us to go electioneering unprovided with a promise to destroy anything? That is what I call 'government by intrigue,' and, Sir, the English people do not relish government by intrigue." Every candidate for Parliament will be asked the two questions above stated by the constituents before whom he presents himself; and Mr. BRETT thinks it no "extravagant demand to make of our leaders that they should throw a little light on them." As it happens, however, it is a most extravagant demand—as extravagant as it would be to expect harmony from two or three brass bands playing different tunes against each other. Mr. BRETT's leaders would like nothing better than to give him the light he asks for if they only knew which of them were going to lead. Unfortunately the character of the light depends upon the leading, and that, in spite of all the talk about the old pilot and the old umbrella, remains still in a state of the greatest uncertainty. There is nothing, it is true, to show that Mr. GLADSTONE is at this moment prepared to pledge himself to break up large lands and estates, or to sever the connexion between a certain form of ritual and the State—he, indeed, having never declared in favour of the one, and having often declared himself very strongly against the other. But, on the other hand, there is everything to show that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN favours both these schemes, and no prudent man—not, we are sure, the Duke of ARGYLL, from whom Mr. BRETT's letter has provoked a reply—would at the present moment undertake to determine whether Mr. GLADSTONE will or will not dance to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S piping. Time will show, and time only; and in spite of the inconvenience which Mr. BRETT must temporarily suffer from not knowing the exact programme of destruction favoured by his leaders, we are afraid that he will have to wait. Let him amuse himself in the meanwhile by satirically criticizing the "dissensions" of the Tory party and their "utter destitution of a policy." He will have plenty of leisure for it, for if there is one certainty in the case, it is that the orders of the "old pilot" and the course of the old ship will not be definitely settled until there is no longer any doubt about the direction taken by the jump of the old cat.

THE AFGHAN FRONTIER.

THE Continental press is so much behind our own in the matter of authentic information, that it would be hard to deny it the privilege of making up for its deficiencies in this respect by an abundance of false reports. Things "have to happen" when a Parisian, or still more a

Viennese, newspaper is in want of paragraphs; just as words had to mean what the necessities of Mr. LEWIS CARROLL's etymological autocrat demanded. To the editors of some popular foreign newspapers it seems absurd that there should be nothing to report from Afghanistan except deadlock. Two great European Powers have no right to stand haggling over a strip of frontier territory in Central Asia without one of them threatening the other, or some third party attempting to force the hand of both. It is not in accordance with the fitness of things that a situation so promising should be barren of sensational news; so the news, in obedience to a well-known law of journalistic supply and demand, is forthcoming, the laggard facts being left to overtake it at their leisure. That is the rule with most Continental newspapers in any international difficulty; but when the difficulty is Anglo-Russian, and the newspaper Russian, and above all when its conductor owns the respected name of KOMAROFF, we might know with certainty what to expect. We should expect exactly what M. KOMAROFF's journal has lately given us—intelligence, namely, of the delivery of an ultimatum from the overbearing English Government to the gentle and conciliatory Russian. The only point worth any observation in such cases is the action of officialdom in the capital in which for the time being any such *canard* is set a-flying. As to this appearances are satisfactory. The organ of the Russian Foreign Office has given an authoritative contradiction to its contemporary's assertion that Lord SALISBURY had "demanded the evacuation of the Russian foreposts near Zulfikar," and even goes on to add that, so far from any such "demand" having been made, no proposition or suggestion to that effect has been advanced by HER MAJESTY'S Government. "The question of Zulfikar," it continues, "remains open; and, until one of the two Governments judges it opportune to make known the state of the negotiations on the point, public opinion will do well to 'mistrust all similar assertions on the subject.'" This, if we can rely upon it, is as good as an assurance that Russia has no present intention of doing anything to precipitate a crisis; since that is a design which cannot be long prosecuted without resort to overt acts, frequently of a character serious enough to make it a matter of complete indifference whether Government think it "opportune to make known the state of the negotiations on the point."

Meanwhile there seems a somewhat superfluous anxiety in St. Petersburg to let us know what the exact point is. Thus it is, we suppose, that we have been favoured with the belated "information" from that capital to the effect that "Russia by no means claims the Zulfikar Pass, but insists on retaining the adjoining territory as being absolutely necessary for the security of her communications 'with Ak-robot and the pasture-lands.'" We are not aware that any one in this country or elsewhere needs to be informed that Russia does not "claim" points of territory *nominatim* which she has undertaken to surrender. What she is doing, as it is her much more decorous habit to do, is to claim such other points of territory as will render the cession of the former illusory. She would not think of committing such a diplomatic solecism as to withdraw the hand with which she is tendering the price of our acquiescence in her Afghan conquests; she is merely making arrangements for taking it back again with the other hand. It is the difficulty about those arrangements which constitutes, she cheerfully observes, "the sole question in dispute," and when she adds that it "can only be settled by the manifestation of a conciliatory spirit on 'the part of England and Afghanistan'" this, of course, is only the euphemistic paraphrase of a warning that she does not in the least intend to unclench the hand which contains the price until we allow her to get the other hand into a position favourable for recapturing it. Russia, unfortunately, is able in this instance—as, thanks to her industry in appropriation, she generally is able—to obtain the benefit of the principle of the *beati possidentes*; but it does not, on the whole, seem probable that she will attempt to push her advantage any further just yet. Lord SALISBURY's hopeful and conciliatory language at the Mansion House seems, at the very least, to show that there is no acute tension at the moment between the two Governments; but such as there is may quite possibly continue till after the elections.

THE LINCOLN ARCHITECTURAL SOCIETY IN THE ISLE OF AXHOLME.

IN the early days of Civil Service examinations, when as yet "crammers" were not and "tips" were unknown, the remote corner of the county in which the Lincoln Architectural Society has just been holding its annual meeting afforded a favourite test of a candidate's geographical knowledge. "Where is the Isle of Axholme?" was a question often put, and seldom correctly answered. The more intelligent, with Stockholm and Bornholm and suchlike forms running in their heads, set it somewhere in the Baltic or the Cattegat, or some other Scandinavian waters. Others added a new member to the Orkney or Shetland group, or, with still more reckless courage, assigned it to the West Indies or the South Sea Islands. The majority more wisely passed it over in silence. Nor are we by any means sure that the case would be very different now. Are we doing our readers an injustice if we question whether one in ten of them could at a moment's notice give a satisfactory answer to the question, "Where is the Isle of Axholme?" The name may be familiar; but, like the adjacent "Hundred of Bassetlaw" and the "Parts of Kesteven," it is little more than a vague sound, conveying little definite meaning.

For the benefit, therefore, of the less perfectly informed, let us say that the Isle of Axholme is the name given to the extreme north-western corner of Lincolnshire, where it marches with the counties of Notts and York. Although the original designation of the locality in its full form, "the Isle of Axeve Holm"—an admirable example of what has been called "stratification" in place-names—presents "island" in three different languages, Saxon, Danish, and Norman, with the prefix of the Celtic Axe, "water," at the present time it has no more claim to the name of an island than the Isle of Thanet or the Isle of Purbeck. And yet the time is not very remote when it possessed all the characteristics of its name. No part of England was more completely insulated. The Idle and the Torr to the west and south, the wide stream of the Trent to the east, and the Ouse and Don and the broad tidal estuary of the Humber to the north, cut it off on all sides; and these not as now flowing in straight well-banked channels, curbed with dyke and flood-gate, but allowed to wander sluggishly, at their own "sweet will," in mazy, oozy beds, here stagnating in a marsh, there spreading out into a mere, and converting what, thanks to Cornelius Vermuyden and his Dutch engineers, is now some of the most fertile land in Lincolnshire into a wide waste of waters. Here and there a green "holm" broke the monotony of the dreary expanse, and afforded a dry spot for the ague-stricken inhabitants to raise their lonely homesteads or squalid villages. The broad flagged causeways which skirt the roads all through the isle tell of a time when for the greater part of the year the ways were impassable for wheeled carriages, and strings of packhorses, with the "bell-horse" at their head, conveyed all commodities from place to place. The greater part of the district was only accessible by boat. There were old-established ferries across the Trent at Owston and across the Idle at Sandtoft. The whole of the southern and western parts were what Mr. Smiles calls "a fresh-water bay," across which the island farmers were accustomed to row or sail to the Doncaster market with the produce of their fields. A funeral party with the corpse they were carrying for interment was lost, it is said, on its way by boat from Thorne to Hatfield. When Leland visited the isle in the early part of the sixteenth century, entering from the west, he came "by water to the great lake cauld the Mere almost a mile over; a mile or more; full of good Fisch and Foull." He describes the "soyle" as "Fenny and Morische and ful of carres"—i.e. low boggy meadows. The stronghold of the Mowbrays, who from the time of Henry I. to that of Edward IV. were lords of Axholme, known as Kennard Castle, which commanded the only passage into the isle from the east, by the Trent ferry, was unapproachable except by water. When in 1174 Roger de Mowbray joined the unnatural rebellion of the young Henry, who, having been crowned king by his father's weak fondness, spurred on by his mother's bitter hate of her unfaithful spouse, was demanding the cession of the English realm, and having strengthened his already ruinous castle, was holding it against his sovereign, Geoffrey Plantagenet, the bishop elect of Lincoln, Henry's illegitimate son, though still a mere youth, with a filial dutifulness which the King bitterly contrasted with the treachery of his lawfully-begotten sons, raised the men of Lincoln, and, crossing the waters which washed the base of the headland in boats—"multitudo Lincolnensium navigio transvecta," says Matthew Paris—attacked and stormed the fortress, and razed it to the ground, never to be rebuilt. The green keep-mound and some remains of the earthworks are all that now mark the site. The "holms" and "tofts," which, scattered up and down over the isle, tell of the Scandinavian settlement, were once practically islanded in vast stretches of morass, and, till the causeways connecting them were constructed, were almost inaccessible. Too fluid to be walked over, but too solid for navigation, the treacherous bog which surrounded the isolated gravel hill in the centre of the great turf moor of Hatfield, known as Lindholme—the lime-tree island—forbade all approach except in times of extreme drought or intense frost. As with St. Guthlac at Crowland, the remoteness and complete seclusion of the place marked it out in early times as a place of religious retirement. A hermitage was erected there by a semi-mythical William of Lindholme, popularly regarded as a wizard,

in league with the Evil One, about whose magical powers sundry tales used to be current among the country folks near Wroot—"Wroot-out-of-England," as it used to be called, from its absolute remoteness—

A place
Devoid of wisdom, wit, and grace,

as it was described by John Wesley's brilliant sister Mehetabel, the saucy Hetty who, alas! ended her days as the unappreciated wife of a soulless painter and glazier at Epworth. Two huge boulders, known as the "Thumb Stone" and the "Little Finger Stone," are said to have been thrown by the wizard in a fit of passion. To his necromantic arts an unfinished causeway towards Hatfield was also ascribed. William, so runs the legend, undertook to construct the road as fast as a man could gallop a horse, on condition that the rider did not look behind him. The hurlyburly which arose after he started was too much for the rider's curiosity. He turned his head, and saw William marshalling a host of red-jacketed goblins—spiritual "navvies"—busy laying down the road with lightning speed. In terror and amazement he cried out, "God speed your work!" when the whole busy spectacle in a moment vanished, and the half-completed causeway remained a monument of ill-timed curiosity. The history of William of Lindholme winds up with his burying himself when the time of his contract with Satan had expired. He dug a grave in his cell, and put a huge flagstone over it, supported by a wooden prop. He then lay down in the grave, and, pulling away the prop, was thus interred by his own hands. The immense slab was still covering the supposed magician's grave when John Wesley's father, with a friend, visited the spot. A little stud-and-mud chapel sheltered it, a rude altar standing at the east end. The slab was with difficulty removed, and the bones of the necromancer, described as of unusual size, were found beneath it, with a peck of hemp-seed in the grave. The fate of the slab is humiliating. It was broken up bit by bit, and used for "holy-stoning" the floors of the house built on the site. William of Lindholme had a series of successors in his hermitage, to one of whom Roger of Mowbray in the twelfth century granted "one mastiff dog" to guard his croft from intruders. The same liberal patron of monastic houses, who was the founder of the great Cistercian abbey of Byland, of the Austin Canons' house at Newburgh, and of the Preceptory at Temple Balsall, and who endowed Fountains, Rievaulx, Jervaulx, and Bridlington with lands and rents, made a like grant of "unum mastivum ad custodiendum domum suam etcroftum suum ab extraneis animalibus" to the tenant of the cell at Sandtoft which he had bestowed upon the Benedictine Abbey of St. Mary's, York. Sandtoft, on the western confines of the isle, towards Hatfield Chase, was originally completely insulated between two arms of the Idle, near its junction with the Don. After the breaking up of all monastic foundations the monk's cell and the hermitage at Lindholme were utilized as residences for the keepers of the royal chase of Hatfield. Subsequently Sandtoft became the religious centre of the foreign settlers, French Protestants from Picardy, and Walloons from Flanders, brought hither by Vermuyden in 1625 to carry on his great drainage works. A chapel was built for them, for which the builder, one Isaac Bedloe, complained that he was never paid, and in which divine service was performed alternately in the French and Dutch languages by a succession of Protestant ministers. Round the chapel rose a little colony of foreign Protestants—Delapierres, Dumoulins, Foucharts, and many more refugees from France, together with Vantranges, Massingarbres, Bruyners, Tapinders, and others from Holland, some of the names still surviving in the isle under various corruptions. The people of the isle, indignant at foreigners settling as colonists upon lands over which, though mere fen and morass, they and their forefathers had enjoyed rights of common, and utterly regardless of the well-directed measures which were converting swamps and meres, producing only turf and rushes, into rich cornland, and giving abundant employment and good wages for all who were willing to work, rose in riot, and dispersed this industrious colony during the Great Rebellion. The drainage scheme had been wisely and zealously patronized by James I. and Charles I. That was enough to make it unpopular with the dominant party. A rumour was spread that Sir Ralph Humby was intending to march into the Isle of Axholme, at the head of the Royalists of Yorkshire, and occupy it for the King. To prevent this, the Parliamentary Committee sitting at Lincoln gave orders to break the dykes and pull up the flood-gates. The whole work of many years' labour was thus undone in a single night. All attempts on the part of the foreign settlers to hinder the mischief were resisted by the envious natives, who pulled down their houses, destroyed their crops, and watched the broken dams night and day with loaded muskets, swearing that the damage should not be made good, but that they "would stay till the whole of the levels were drowned again and the foreigners were forced to swim away like ducks." All law and order was suspended. Epworth Church was defaced, and the Ten Commandments torn to pieces, under pretended zeal for religion, by some local Will Dowding. The lives of the settlers hung on a thread. Many, wearied out and disheartened, returned home. Matters became worse when the notorious Republican Colonel John Lilburne appeared on the scene. Under his leadership the Islemen rose in open rebellion, and a fresh series of riots began. Nearly a hundred of the foreign settlers' houses were destroyed, and their chapel at Sandtoft desecrated in the most brutal and disgusting manner. Lilburne took the minister's house for himself, and stabled his horses and stored his corn in the sacred build-

ing. The losses inflicted on the unhappy foreigners amounted to not less than 80,000*l*. All constituted authority was laughed at. The Parliament was called "a Parliament of clouts," and the Islemen boasted that "they could make as good a Parliament themselves." Even "if the Lord Protector himself were to come," they said, "they would make no more of him than of an ordinary person." Order, however, was ultimately restored. The strong hand of Cromwell quelled the riots, and Lilburne was at last compelled to yield up the lands illegally assigned to him by the commons on condition that their own asserted rights should be secured. It was too late, however, to restore the prosperity of the settlers. The colony gradually dwindled away. In 1686 the church was again in ruins, and has now entirely disappeared, while of the once thriving village scarcely a vestige remains. But they had done their work effectually, and the thriving condition of the isle is the lasting memorial of Vermuyden and his maltreated fellow-workers.

The Isle of Axholme belonged, as we have seen, to the great house of Mowbray. Besides their castle at Kennard Ferry, of which we have already spoken, they had a manor house at Epworth, where the "vinegarth" to the south-east of the church keeps up the memory of their once stately residence; the place of the birth and death of not a few of this celebrated family. The body of Bolingbroke's enemy—the Norfolk of *Henry IV.*—is buried in the chapter-house of the Carthusian Priory at Low Melwood, in the Isle, which, during the short-lived burst of popularity of the Order, he had founded two years before his exile, at the very same time that the Priory of Mountgrace was founded by the Earl of Surrey, who as Earl Marshal presided at the lists at Coventry. A pretty but baseless legend derives the name of the "Parting Cross," on the southern confines of the Isle, with the final leave-taking of Norfolk and his Duchess. The name, however, since corrupted still further into "Parson's Cross," is a corruption of "Parteneye Cross," and the story is a mere "etiological myth," evolved to explain a misunderstood word.

We have left but little space for the proceedings of the Lincoln Archaeologists. Nor is there much that requires to be said. The meeting was very pleasant and profitable. But the churches of the Isle, the whole of which, with the exception of one or two new ones, were duly visited and described in his usual lucid style by the Bishop of Nottingham, though dignified and spacious and not devoid of interest, proved rather commonplace. There is a great family likeness about them. The arcades are commonly of twelfth or thirteenth-century date, with low Perpendicular clerestories and so much external work of the same period that at first sight they would be erroneously regarded as Perpendicular fabrics. The towers stand always at the west end of the nave, and are commonly additions of the fifteenth century. They are of the South Yorkshire type, with single belfry windows and low pinnacles, not devoid of dignity, but uninteresting. Haxey, conspicuous over the isle which takes from it its name, is the finest. The best work in the isle is in the tower and chancel of Althorpe, built by Sir John Nevill in 1483, which are really noble examples of the Perpendicular style in its best form. The nave is of the same date, but inferior. Belton exhibits a curious instance of adaptation. When the church was recast in Perpendicular days, the richly-moulded Early English nave-arches were taken down and reset at a higher level on tall octagonal piers with embattled capitals. Crowle shows a Norman church, adapted to later tastes by the addition of an Early English north aisle and a late clerestory, surmounting on the south side the Norman corbel-table. The tower opens into the nave by an arch with long-and-short-work in its jambs, the lintel of which is formed by the stem of a preaching cross, with a Runic inscription, interlaced work, and rude carvings, which we commend to Mr. Forest Browne's attention. Owston is a fine church ruined by misapplied munificence half a century back, standing within the earthworks of the Mowbrays' stronghold. Here the tombstone, celebrated in the law courts, in connexion with which the late Bishop Wordsworth, at no small cost to himself, courted an inevitable defeat by chivalrously supporting a severely orthodox incumbent in refusing the courtesy-title of "Reverend" to a Wesleyan minister, was the object of much curiosity. At Epworth the altar-tomb of its sometime rector, Samuel Wesley, the father of John and Charles Wesley, excited still more interest. It was standing on the upper slab of this monument that John Wesley preached for seven successive evenings, and, as was not unnatural, "in no place," it is said, "did he ever preach with greater effect." Among his converts was a neighbouring gentleman, who for thirty years had never attended any place of worship, who, on the conclusion of the sermon, in reply to Wesley's abrupt question, "Sir, are you a sinner?" replied with broken voice, "Sinner enough." So stupefied was he that he had to be put in his chaise by his wife and servants and taken home. As was not the case with all Wesley's sudden converts, he continued steadfast to the end. Some indentations in the stone, caused by the oxydization of iron pyrites contained in it, are shown as the miraculously impressed footprints of the evangelist. With even greater interest the rectory was visited. This house was built by Samuel Wesley after the fire of 1708, in which the little six-year-old John, the "brand plucked out of the burning," was so nearly perishing. Long and low, with a high-pitched tiled roof rising from a bold projecting cornice, it is an admirable specimen of the sterling unpretentious architecture of the day; a quiet, genuine Queen Anne house, very unlike the crude heaps of incongruities, devoid of repose, which now pass by that name. The garden, with its smooth

lawn and long straight walks, bordered with old-fashioned flowers, with hedges of sweet-peas, thickets of Canterbury-bells, foxgloves, sweet-williams and snapdragons, beds of odoriferous pinks and a wealth of roses, is a delicious pleasure-ground, in the true Old English sense of the word, the rival of which one might go far to find. It was curious to realize this place, so little altered, as the home of the Wesleys, and in imagination to people the parsonage and garden with the numerous members of that very remarkable family; the children seated at their low table in their little chairs at family meal-times, as so graphically described by their noble, strong-minded mother, never suffered to eat of more than one thing, and not much of that, brought up "to fear the rod and to cry softly"; the rector mounting his horse in a pettish fit of loyalty when he discovered that his wife refused to say "Amen" to his prayers for William of Orange, and riding off to London for a twelvemonth, and only returning when the opportune accession of Queen Anne removed the barrier to connubial harmony; and all watching with more curiosity than fear for the visits of the rapping spirit, christened by Emilia Wesley "Old Jeffery," which, as described in the admirably-written letters of the family, present so many points of correspondence with the feats of modern Spiritualism, and which were beyond a question, like these, due to human trickery. Dr. Salmon, of Dublin, examined the whole matter some years back, and came to the conclusion that the mysterious noises were all produced by the lively, sportive Mehetabel Wesley. Epworth Parsonage, now so worthily occupied by the historian of "The Church of England in the Eighteenth Century" and the biographer of "William Law," is a place that will well reward a visit.

GEORGES DANDIN IN HIS INN.

FAR be it from us to compare the sufferings of the hapless husband of Mlle. de Sotenville to those of the Britons who have written to the *Times* about Scotch landlords—to compare them, that is to say, in kind. But the Oxford M.A. and the Cambridge M.A. who, desiring breakfast at 8, had a hard and fast choice offered them of a table-d'hôte meal at 7 and of one at 9, with a scornful refusal to cook at odd times for Tom, Dick, and Harry; and the Commercial Gentleman at Glasgow; and the laconic Pedestrian who was informed that he was "not entitled" to breakfast at any hour but 9.30 because he was not going by train, certainly do remind one of "Tu l'as voulu." Personally, we have little doubt, none of the four victims took part in the clamour which twenty or thirty years ago forced tables-d'hôte on the reluctant and indignant hotelkeepers of England. But all four form part of the great British Public, and how the great British Public took part itself in that clamour is pretty well known to all those of us who have come even to the lowest verge of Wamba's Age of Wisdom. The British Public got its tables-d'hôte, and it appears to be only just waking up to the fact that it got a plague with them, albeit the occurrence of this plague was, if we remember rightly, pointed out often enough, and certainly was probable enough, at the time.

It is quite intelligible that hotelkeepers, after the first natural recalcitrance, should have eagerly grasped—especially in those districts where the import of the *Quære aliud diversorium* makes them as despotic as those older German brethren of theirs celebrated by Erasmus and Scott—at the possibilities of tyranny afforded by the table-d'hôte system. There are some mysteries of their mystery of which as much cannot be said. For instance, why Boniface, if a stranger pays him handsomely for board, lodging, washing, attendance, and all etceteras, should charge that stranger twelve shillings a bottle for respectable champagne and six for tolerable Médoc, when, if the stranger goes into lodgings and so pays him nothing at all, he will oblige him with the champagne and the Médoc at nearly, if not exactly, the usual retail price, is a question which, after studying it attentively for many years, we have given up as hopeless. "Don't come and run up a bill here, but go to good Mrs. So-and-so's lodgings," is the apparent moral of the proceedings; yet this seems inconsistent with the doctrine that men usually act in accordance with their apparent interests, well or ill understood. Less marvellous, but still surprising, is the usual reply of the said Boniface when the muleting of his guests for liquor is objected to without reference to the privileges of outsiders. He tells you that it is really intended to cover rent and the miscellaneous comforts which cannot be charged in the bill. And when you retort that teetotallers enjoy all these advantages to the full without paying for them, and without contributing to his gains the modest percentage which the wine-drinker would in any case gladly pay, he has nothing to say—nothing, indeed, that can be said. These things are pure mysteries. But the conduct of the rigid table-d'hôte landlord is perfectly explicable. He saves enormously in wages, cooking expenses, and materials, and he gains directly in money as well. For the price of a table-d'hôte dinner or breakfast, though, no doubt, lower than that of an independent dinner or breakfast of the same number of dishes, is nearly always higher than that which the average guest would pay for the meal he would be likely to order. Add the general pleasure in taking command, which is one of the noblest, and that of interfering with other people's comfort, which is one of not the noblest, features of the Scotch character, and the conduct of the tyrants of M.A. Oxon and M.A. Cantab and Commercial Traveller and Pedestrian

becomes quite intelligible. Indeed, there is much reason for believing that the table-d'hôte has succeeded the Sabbath as an object of superstitious reverence in the Scotch mind. The individual man was made, in the idea of the orthodox, for the table-d'hôte, not *vice versa*. We once knew a very curious instance, and, as it happened, a quite inoffensive one, of this superstition. A man and his wife were returning very late in the year from a round of visits in the north of Scotland. Having time to spare, they took it leisurely, and resolved to spend a night at a very well-known hotel close to one of the gates of the Highlands. It was open and in good order, but it was quite clear to the experienced eye that they were the only, or almost the only, guests in the house. They made inquiries as to dinner. "Oh, there would be table-d'hôte at 7 o'clock." It was in vain suggested that apparently there was no one to partake of it (the conversation took place at about 6.30 in the coffee-room, which was perfectly bare), and that all that was wanted was a modest meal. "Oh, there would be table-d'hôte at 7 o'clock"; and, as this was said in the obvious belief that table-d'hôte was what travellers were entitled to, and that it would be a crime to withhold it, there was no use in resisting. At 7 a vast gong woke the echoes; the waiter (for most of the staff had evidently left for the winter) had, with incredible zeal, spread a table about forty feet long; had arranged some dozen covers for perfectly imaginary guests; and, escorting the visitor to the head of the table and the wife of his bosom to the side thereof, proceeded to hand dish after dish with the utmost solemnity. A tête-à-tête across a small table by the fire would have been infinitely pleasanter; but it was impossible to object (especially as there was no kind of discourtesy in the matter) to so solemn a function performed in honour of the great god Table-d'hôte.

Not always, however, or often, are his functions so unobjectionable. The extreme point of tyranny is, perhaps, only reached in Scotland, where tourists, and tourists only, are catered for, and where landlords in many cases have the advantage of a practical monopoly, not merely of hotel shelter, but of shelter of any kind. Generally speaking, the table-d'hôte dinner means rather discomfort than anything worse, and no doubt there are people who do not mind its substitution of a bare and gaudy *salle-à-manger* for a comfortable coffee-room, of pretentious, tedious, and badly-served dinners of half a dozen courses for judiciously ordered and simple meals, who do not feel the general loss of individual liberty which it entails. In a hotel managed on the table-d'hôte system you are or are not "entitled to" certain stipulated things and nothing else, instead of at least theoretically giving those who are temporarily your servants orders as you would give your servants at home. But, as far as dinner is concerned, there are some signs that the evil is curing itself. Dinner "at separate tables" is being more and more advertised as superseding the dinner at one enormous feeding-board, and dinner "from such a time to such a time" instead of "a table-d'hôte at 6 and another at 7.30." The only thing to be added to these improvements so as to restore something like comfort is the almost consequential substitution of a *carte* from which dinner can be selected, instead of a forced round of dishes. Thus table-d'hôte is robbed of its terrors; as well, no doubt, of its delights to the extraordinary beings who do delight in it, much, it would seem, on the same principle as those lovers of "boarding-house society" of whom novelists in the days of our fathers drew such wonderful pictures. But the table-d'hôte breakfast on the one-table, fixed-hour system is a far greater abomination than the table-d'hôte dinner, though fortunately it is much less common. Dinner most people take at much the same time, and in a gregarious fashion, talking being the only customary occupation (save with wicked bachelors) besides eating and drinking. But even in the daily round and common task of domestic life breakfast is a meal of liberty. Letters always, and newspapers generally, are allowed to vary the unbroken delights of talking or eating; and only very stern households enforce on members not in *status pupillari* an absolute punctuality. Much more should this be the case when mankind takes its ease in its inn. Indeed, to a man who has any regular occupation the certainty that he can get up and thereafter breakfast at any time he likes is one of the greatest delights of a holiday. To come down leisurely, and pity the poor creatures who are going off by train; to order a breakfast as ingeniously constructed and combined as the resources of the hotel permit; to arrange Bradshaws and maps on the table, and plan an agreeable day at this castle and that abbey, with the still more agreeable consciousness that the plan may be, and probably will be, changed once, or twice, or half-a-dozen times—these are among the innocent and sober, but not savourless, delights of him who sojourns in hotels. The table-d'hôte breakfast does away with all this. Liberty of action in the matter of time, even if not rudely curtailed to quite such an extent as in the case of the poor sufferers who have written to the *Times*, speedily becomes *nil* to the experienced man who discovers that if he wants anything eatable he must be punctual. You cannot decently study Bradshaw with a lady on each side of you, or unfold a map at the risk of the corner trailing in your neighbour's teacup. You are in the literal as well as in the metaphorical sense deprived of your *coudées franches*. Moreover, in at least some cases the waiters would take care to make the life of anybody who indulged in such unorthodox proceedings a burden to him by ingenious requests to know whether he wanted more tea, by dragging his plate from before him, and by other broad hints that his room was much more desirable than his company. The perpetual rising of one person or another, the flicking of the cloth

by the waiter, and the introduction of somebody else, which goes on at such meals, make up a total horribly vexatious to at least some people who have nerves and who do not like to be fed like hounds at a trough. Moreover, there are even places where the humanizing and partially redeeming feature of giving each person or party his or their tea-pot or coffee-pot—the last remnant of decency clinging to the table-d'hôte breakfast—is done away with. A waiter turns on a loathsome tap in some corner and draws you off a cup-full of carefully stewed tea or carefully boiled coffee, and you feel more than ever like a schoolboy at a by no means particularly good school. In fact, the table-d'hôte system is incompatible with the whole English theory of breakfast. If breakfast is to be regarded as an early lunch, constructed on the principle of a rather less elaborate dinner, it may be treated no doubt tabled'hôtically. But if not, not.

Therefore M.A. Oxon, and M.A. Cantab, and A Commercial Traveller and A Pedestrian—the vanguard of the great army who write to the *Times* every year between the beginning of August and the end of October—are in a manner justified, and more than justified, in their protest. Yet we do not wholly pity them. For, in the first place, a man who goes to a Scotch hotel in the tourist season knows, or ought to know, his probable fate. And, in the second place, as we have said, the British public cried for its table-d'hôte till it got it, and it must take the consequences. It had, with some of the dearest and worst, many of the cheapest, most comfortable, and most characteristic inns in the world (thank heaven they are not all gone now, though most of them are). It chose to change them for gigantic caravanserais on foreign principles, where travellers are taken in on the understanding that they are "entitled to" this and "not entitled to" that. "Vous l'avez voulu, Georges Dandin, vous l'avez voulu! cela vous sied fort bien, et vous voilà ajusté comme il faut."

COMPARATIVE RELIGION.

THE *American Church Review*, though it appears to have reached its forty-fifth volume, is a periodical with which we can boast no large acquaintance. To judge from a cursory inspection of the number which is now before us, it deserves to be better known in this country than it is, but our immediate concern is with a paper of Professor Sterrett's on the *Method of Comparative Religion* which indicates, briefly but effectively, the main bearings of an unquestionably interesting and suggestive theme. We more than doubt indeed whether the view sketched out will be as new or unwelcome as he seems to imagine to "orthodox" religionists generally, and in one of his references under that head—as we shall see presently—he is rather glaringly mistaken. But still we agree with him that his contention, though not by any means an original one, requires to be insisted upon, quite as much in the interests of orthodoxy as of comparative science; like many other partially neglected aspects of religious philosophy, "*neglectum sui ulciscitur*," and if the vantage ground is abandoned by the apologists of revelation, it is sure—as all experience proves—to be eagerly seized by their assailants. Mr. Sterrett hardly goes too far in saying that "the most subtle attempt to de-supernaturalize Christianity—to reduce it to a merely natural though lofty product of the religious spirit of man—comes from this source and sharpens its weapons upon its material." He illustrates his statement from the period of the Renaissance downwards, and especially from the use made of the growing knowledge of Oriental religions in the eighteenth century:—

Another century saw the dawning knowledge of the great religions of the East, obtained through travellers, missionaries, and commercial intercourse. It was this faint knowledge that was sufficient to lead the free-thinkers of France to suggest the setting up of Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, and Mahomet as rivals to the founders and apostles of Christianity. Every noble doctrine and moral excellence was attributed to the Oriental religions. Voltaire very naively attributed the superiority of the Chinese in morals, philosophy, and general culture to their ignorance of Christianity. Nothing else was needed to put an end to all the miseries and disputes of his day, but the adoption of the Chinese religion throughout Europe.

Later on Champollion unearthed the religions of ancient Egypt, and one curious result, later again, of the study of Persian literature, was that the Indian Parsees first learnt the meaning of their own sacred books through the labours of European scholars. Until the appearance of Spiegel's Geneva version, which a wealthy Parsee resident in this country got translated into English and sent out to his co-religionists in Bombay, their language of worship was to themselves an unknown tongue.

The writer distinguishes with substantial accuracy, though he lays on his colours rather too thick, three successive phases of opinion, which he designates respectively the "eighteenth century, Christian," the "old sceptical," and the "new scientific and Christian view." And a word may be said on each. The "eighteenth-century view" was eminently characteristic of what has been not unjustly termed the age of evidences and of unbelief, when the almost exclusive aim of theologians was to prove that "the Apostles were neither deceivers nor deceived," and the religion they preached was consequently true. But what was to be done with it when it was proved to be true was a matter of very subordinate importance which all sensible persons were agreed to say nothing about. On one point indeed, to which Talleyrand afterwards gave epigrammatic expression, they did feel it right to speak plainly—that it was best not to have too much of it. It was quite in harmony with this line of thought that a

hard and fast line should be drawn between Christianity and all other religions—except of course Judaism, which belonged to the same scheme of Divine Revelation—not simply to the effect that these two systems could alone claim direct inspiration or messages from heaven—that is still the accepted and very intelligible conviction of orthodox believers—but that, to use Mr. Sterrett's words, all of them "were false religions, the result of wickedness, priestcraft, delusion, fanaticism, or quackery." Hence "Natural and Revealed" or "Pagan and Christian" were terms representing a schismatic classification of all actual or possible creeds. Whatever was not of God—that is, whatever was not contained within the covers of the Bible—which to popular apprehension meant of course King James's—was of God's enemy. Such religions were worse than none, "corrupt, superstitious, the offspring of fraud and delusion," the work of the father of lies. Two pregnant corollaries from this view, which Mr. Sterrett does not mention, were very commonly drawn by English Protestant divines, of which their sceptical assailants were not slow to take advantage. Elaborate treatises were written to prove, what hardly needed the trouble of proving, that there was a strong family likeness between Popery and Paganism, in such little details e.g. as the use of vestments or of holy water. The obvious reply that all religions, true or false, must necessarily have, both in estimation and in sentiment, a good deal in common, simply because they are religions, never seemed to occur to these ingenious reasoners. That the early Church, by degrees, as the Pagan cult died out, had on this principle deliberately borrowed and adopted many externals of the worship it superseded, they probably did not know; that a similar objection might with equal plausibility be urged against the Sacrament of Baptism, which the Church did not originate but received from the Divine Founder, they did not care to remember. Another favourite application of the same fundamental fallacy was exhibited in their habitual ridicule or denunciation of all alleged miracles, not recorded in the Bible, which they ascribed to fraud or credulity or the direct agency of Satan. Yet it is scarcely possible for any religion claiming supernatural sanction—i.e. any which is heartily believed—to dispense with miracle; and while any particular case of miraculous interposition must stand or fall on its own evidence, the notion that all miracles recorded in the Old or New Testament are true, and all others, Christian or non-Christian, are certainly false, is so far from commending itself *a priori* to ordinary apprehension that it even strikes one as vehemently improbable. Some of the early Christian Fathers and Apologists were no doubt too ready, in the heat of controversy, to employ this method of argument against their Pagan rivals, but in course of time they learnt more discretion, and the Protestant writers against Popish miracles in a later age had also to discover by experience that they were forging weapons for the bitterest enemies of the Gospel. To revert to the *American Reviewer*, "the eighteenth-century sceptics cheerfully acquiesced in ascribing the origin of [all other] religions to delusion and fraud, only going further and placing Christianity in the same category." And as a mere *argumentum ad hominem* the retort was unanswerable. The real answer is given by a deeply religious, though far from orthodox thinker, in a notable passage which the reviewer cites from Carlyle's *Hero-Worship*:—"Quackery and dupery do abound; in religion, above all in the more advanced decaying stages of religion, they have fearfully abounded; but quackery was never the originating influence in such things . . . Quackery gives birth to nothing, gives death to all things." Even as regards Mahometanism, which is the least religious, so to say, and most repulsive of all the great outlying religions, and which won its triumphs almost entirely by the sword, there is force in Carlyle's question—"But where did it get its sword?"

This cut-and-dried method of treating, or rather of burking, a serious question by the "shallow wit," whether of Christian or of anti-Christian pedants, was too obviously barren and untenable to survive the century of whose moral and intellectual narrowness it was born. Scepticism was the first to drop a weapon, which availed it nothing in contending with a more earnest faith. It sought, with better augury of success, to utilize against Revelation not the falsehood, but the truth, of rival creeds.

Scholarly skepticism soon gave up this flimsy, unworthy, and irreverent view of Voltaire, and began the course which we may represent as these three stages: 1st, that of looking for the good, true, and beautiful elements in all pagan religions; 2d, that of tracing the origin and growth of all religion to the lowest forms extant—finding its ultimate source in the sensuous needs, the timidity, and terror which characterise the most barbarous tribes, so as to cast discredit upon it in all its later forms; 3d, its latest and best phase, which, while finding the source of all religions in its lowest forms, generously, sometimes genuinely, maintains that its real value is not to be determined by its empirical origin or by the accidents of its outward history, but by its own inherent worth—by that to which it developed from very humble beginnings, making sacred anthologies, bestowing an ignorant admiration upon them in place of the sweeping condemnation of Christian writers; seeking thus to depress Christianity the rather by exalting them to its level, or at least maintaining that Christianity is nothing more than a synthesis of the good and also of some of the evils of all previous religions.

And this method of attack could not be parried by mere renewal of the old Paleyan tactics of "taking a brief for the Apostles." It was granted at once that they were not at all deceivers, and not altogether deceived, but neither were the teachers or founders of the other great religions of the world, one of which was centuries older, and still had a much larger following than the faith of Christ. And hence Apologists were thrown back on what our reviewer calls "the modern Christian scientific

method"; which however is only a revival—as he soon afterwards implies—of a method as old as Christianity. St. Clement of Alexandria and many of his contemporaries insisted quite as strongly as Lessing, if with more discrimination, on the "divine education of the world" without as well as within the limits of the Jewish dispensation, and when Mr. Sterrett speaks of this "view point" being "hooted at by orthodox Evangelical and Tractarian," he betrays a marvellous ignorance of the teaching of the great author of the Tractarian movement, who was nothing if not patristic, and who dwells again and again in all his writings, both earlier and later, and under all its varied aspects, on the fundamental truth of God's witness to himself in every religion even the most degraded and corrupt, as He disdained not "to cast His shadow even on the unseemly legends of a popular mythology, and is dimly discerned in the ode or the epic, as in troubled water or fantastic dreams"; a method of reasoning which Justin Martyr and St. Clement had not scrupled to adopt a modern disciple of the Fathers would hardly feel at liberty to repudiate. If it is admitted or rather urged as one of the strongest arguments for the Divine origin of Christianity that it is a development of Judaism, why should it be denied that it bears any relation to other religions? "If the heathen nations were subject to a providential training"—which is precisely St. Clement's point—"if God was in their history in any degree, as all grant, is not this relation essentially granted?" And to grant it, as Mr. Sterrett observes, involves no surrender of the earlier claim of the Christian Revelation. Its historical origin is not prejudiced by admitting historical preludes or parallels; "the facts of the Apostles' Creed will ever continue to be the basis of its special apology." But when it is taken as the measure and standard of comparison for estimating other creeds we perceive how they have won their practical triumphs just in proportion as their religion and ethical tone has approximated to that of the faith they foreshadowed or, it may be, caricatured. There was cause for the violent and one-sided invective of some of the Christian Fathers on the Paganism which dogged and thwarted them at every step; the salt had lost its savour, and the incense cast on the idol shrine was not only the symbol of a false worship but of a worship in the truth of which its own priests and votaries scarcely ever affected to believe. The strange Antinous cult that came to its rescue in the second and third centuries, and was so fiercely denounced by the Christian apologists who felt that, unlike the old-established forms, it was exciting somewhat of a counter-influence to the Gospel, owed that very power to a possibly unconscious plagiarism from the growing faith it desperately strove to combat with its own weapons. It remained for a while popular and persuasive, after the gods of Olympus had lost all hold on popular devotions, because it seemed to adumbrate, albeit in a dim and distorted shape, an ideal of self-sacrifice, which had utterly died out of the older idolatries. It outlived them by appealing, however feebly and perversely, to a great principle to which St. Augustine afterwards attributed the triumph of the Gospels, when he declared that the cross of shame had become the brightest jewel on a monarch's crown; "domuit orbem non ferro sed ligno." There are some passages, not to say platitudes, scattered over the later pages of Mr. Sterrett's paper, which certainly contribute nothing to his argument, and are irrelevant, if not nonsensical. What for instance can he mean by the grandiloquent but not very lucid assurance that "we have risen far above the old theological antinomy between God's Sovereignty and man's freedom. The solution or rather the comprehension of the antinomy is essentially also that of the question of the organic development of religion. It is identical with it." Perhaps it is, but the solution and the identity are alike beyond our "comprehension." We can only presume that, if Mr. Sterrett thinks he has solved "the old antinomy" between Divine Omnipotence and human free will, which has perplexed the acutest intellects of philosophers and theologians in every age, he must be able to see a good way further into a brick wall than his neighbours.

PARLIAMENT HILL.

READERS of Mr. Howitt's *Northern Heights of London* need little reminder of Parliament Hill to mentally fix its exact locality, and to recall the mythical legends that belong to it. At the Hampstead end of the great sandy ridge that dominates the Heath it may easily be discerned rising, like a superior Primrose Hill, on the extreme edge of the verdurous land to the south of Caen Wood. Within a stone's throw the advancing tide of brick is for the moment stayed. To stay the advance altogether, or at least to aid this desirable object, a garden party was given on Wednesday by the Hampstead Heath Extension Committee. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, Sir J. McGarel Hogg, Lord Bramwell, Lord Mount-Temple, and others interested in providing open spaces for London, attended this novel gathering. Any one among the large and influential company assembled to hear Mr. Shaw-Lefevre plead for the extension of Hampstead Heath must have realized the full force of the appeal on stepping from the crowded marquee to the spacious hill without. Two hundred and sixty acres of rolling meadow form the new lung for London that the Committee desire to acquire. To the Metropolitan Board of Works they look for the means of purchase, the owners of the land—the Earl of Mansfield and Sir S. Maryon Wilson—having expressed their willingness to sell it for public purposes. It is, unfortunately,

true that many of the open spaces of London are so completely enclosed by buildings as to be breathing-places only, not lungs. The first requisite of a lung is that the air inhaled should be pure. This necessity is provided to the utmost by Parliament Hill and the adjacent land. Wanderers from the nether gloom, where the smoke of London spreads for miles in the South, declared the air to be quite chilly, so fresh and brisk is its quality. No more beautiful prospects or more varied and extensive horizon are to be found near London than those enjoyed by the visitors last Wednesday. Sheltered by the courteous stewards from one point of vantage to another, they were well able to appreciate the land of Beulah on the one side and its threatened extinction on the other.

The nature of this extinction and its imminence are only too obvious. They were suggestively portrayed in Lord Bramwell's interesting speech, even if the unlovely suburbs of Kentish and Camden Towns, and the hideous erections in the once lovely Vale of Health, were not appalling warnings. It is not given to many Londoners to share Lord Bramwell's recollections; to recall fields near the Royal Exchange, and the days when Hampstead and Highgate were secluded villages, and the great city preserved its green girdle inviolate. Those times seem far removed; and more remote still the years when the wells at Hampstead almost rivalled Tunbridge. Yet no spot near London has changed so little as Hampstead Heath, and old Hampstead contains more old houses and famous hostels, with a richer store of memories, than the whole of Southern London. To compare its associations, as the *Daily News* does, with those of the Lake district is ludicrously ineffective. The true deductions from the comparison are exactly the reverse of those of the *Daily News*. The great literary names associated with the Lakes are but a dozen at the most, some of them of mere chance acquaintance, whereas fifty famous men and women may be easily named as intimately associated with Hampstead. There are few great London names, in politics, literature, and law, belonging to the last century, not closely connected with the place, while those of the present century need no enumeration. One of the great charms of the Heath is the perfect conservation of its old aspects, and nothing is more likely to render this conservation permanent than the acquisition of Parliament fields. Beautiful in themselves, these lands form the natural complement of the historic Heath. They will attract thousands who otherwise would inconveniently throng the present limited space of Hampstead. It appears that something like an addition to the metropolitan rates of half a farthing in the pound for fifty years would be fully sufficient to cover the purchase-money. No one who knows the North of London, no one who listened to the appeals of Mr. Shaw-Lefevre and Lord Mount-Temple, can doubt that the opportunity should be seized and the land bought. Lord Mount-Temple's excellent remark that the object of rating was sanitation should convince the most obdurate ratepayer, and surely pure air is the most pressing sanitary need. Many thousands of acres in Epping Forest are open to the East-End of London, yet the northern suburbs possess merely the meagre enclosure of Finsbury Park and some two hundred acres at Hampstead—which, by the way, are much cut up by roads and houses. The response of Sir J. McGarel Hogg to the advocates of extension was, of course, cautious, though sympathetic. He could not speak for the Board, a Committee of whom are considering the question, and his cordiality was personal and unofficial; yet we have great hopes that the exceedingly strong case so ably argued by Mr. Shaw-Lefevre and his colleagues will be productive of the desired attainment. No application of public money could be more beneficial to the public than the purchase of Parliament fields. In these days of active and often ill-directed philanthropy, it seems an irony that the most unremitting ardour should be needed in furthering an object of such momentous importance. The question is, however, on a fair way to solution, and the end should not long be doubtful.

RECENT DISCOVERIES IN ROME.

II.

EXTENSIVE excavations made during the years 1883-4 completed the exposure of the remains of a group of three buildings which were connected with a worship of superior sanctity and antiquity to any other in the city of Rome. These were the Temple of Vesta, the Regia or house of the Pontifex Maximus, the paternal guardian of the Vestals, and the Atrium Vestæ, or dwelling-place of the virgin priestesses of Vesta. Unlike the worship paid by the Romans to most of the other members of their numerous hierarchy, the cult of the mysterious goddess Hestia or Vesta does not appear to have been derived from a Hellenic source, but to have been a development of a very primitive form of worship which existed in remote pre-historic times, probably long before the Greek colonization of Magna Græcia or Sicily. The goddess Vesta (*Feeria*) was simply a personification of the hearth or centre of family life, and the chief duty of her priestesses was to watch and feed day and night, without ceasing, the mystic fire which in her shrine took the place of a statue. If by any accident the sacred flame was allowed to become extinguished, it had to be rekindled by the Pontifex Maximus, chief of the whole Roman priesthood, and that not by the help of any ordinary profane fire, but by the laborious process of obtaining a spark through the friction of two pieces of wood. It was only in later times that it was permitted to use the easier

method of relighting the fire by a burning-glass. This method of obtaining fire by friction leads one's thoughts back to a very remote period before the discovery of iron, and suggests a manner in which the whole cult of Vesta and her virgin priestesses may possibly have arisen. It appears to have been the custom among races who had not progressed beyond the stone or bronze age to keep up, at the general expense of each village or commune, a constantly burning flame, from which each household could light their private fire, and so avoid the necessity of employing the very difficult, and in wet weather perhaps impossible, method of getting a spark by friction. A special hut would naturally be provided for this, and it would be placed in a conveniently central position in the village. The task of guarding this important fire would probably be entrusted to unmarried girls, who were yet free from the full weight of household duties and the care of children. A sacred character would soon be attributed to this important fire, and its guardians would gradually form a body of priestesses, whose duties would continue long after the invention of iron had made it a comparatively easy thing to kindle a flame. This theory can perhaps only be regarded as an archaeological fancy; but there are many points about it which make it a not improbable one. The early method of getting fire by friction appears to be recorded in a poetical form in the legend of Prometheus, who brought the gift of fire to mortals concealed in a stick, and thus made known to them that mysterious hidden flame which lurks in everything.

According to the familiar legend the Temple of Vesta in Rome was founded by Numa, who transferred the centre of this cult from Alba Longa, together with the four Vestal virgins, its priestesses. One of the later kings, Tarquinius Priscus or Servius Tullius, was said to have increased their number to six. Of the Temple of Vesta but very scanty remains now exist, chiefly consisting of the rough concrete mass which formed the podium of the shrine. Some blocks of tufa embedded in the concrete and others which formed the foundations of the steps clearly belong to a very early period, and are possibly part of the original structure. A number of marble fragments, found on and near the podium, enable a fairly accurate restoration of the whole to be made on paper, aided by ancient representations of the building on various existing reliefs, coins, and medals. The existing architectural fragments of columns, entablature, and marble coffered ceiling of the circular peristyle are not earlier than the time of Septimius Severus, in whose reign the upper and marble part of the shrine appears to have been wholly rebuilt. The original building was burnt by the Gauls in 390 B.C., when the Vestals escaped in a waggon to Cære, bearing with them the sacred fire and other important relics under their charge. In 241 B.C. the shrine was again burnt, a third time in the great fire of Nero's reign, and lastly under Commodus, after which came the rebuilding by Severus. Its original design was probably closely adhered to, for religious reasons, throughout these various rebuildings; but the comparatively coarse details and sculpture of Severus's time must have been a poor reproduction of its beauty at an earlier date. The form of this shrine much resembled the existing circular temple hard by the Tiber in the Forum Boarium, which is still popularly called the Temple of Vesta, owing to the well-known lines of Horace (*Od. I. ii. 13*), who speaks of Vesta's shrine being destroyed by an inundation of the river. The great flood of 1877 proved, however, that even now the waters of the Tiber could reach to the real Temple of Vesta, which countless passages in classical authors show to have been at the verge of the Forum Magnum, and in the very position occupied by the existing remains. In the time of the elder Pliny the dome or *tholus* of the circular cella was covered with tiles of gilt Syracusan bronze, but it is doubtful whether these existed in the building of Severus. The circular form of the temple was supposed to symbolize the round earth, and its dome the canopy of heaven.

The cella was so small that it probably contained nothing but the altar with the sacred fire, and Ovid distinctly says that he had been mistaken in thinking that it had within it a statue of Vesta. No profane foot was ever allowed to enter this most holy of shrines, and even the peristyle was enclosed by bronze screens, set between its Corinthian columns. This screen is shown clearly on a relief now in the Uffizi, and also on medallions of Lucilla, Crispina, and Julia Domna. The existing fragments of columns have a small square projection on each side against which the screen was fixed.

Close to the Temple of Vesta was another building of almost equal antiquity and interest. This was the Regia, or official residence of the Pontifex Maximus, which Servius, in his note to Virgil, *Æn. viii. 363*, describes as being "in radicibus Palatii finibusque Romani Fori." The original house, like the adjoining temple, was said to have been built and lived in by Numa. It also was destroyed by the Gauls in 390 B.C., and was again burnt in 210 B.C., when the Temple of Vesta narrowly escaped. It is of special interest as having been the residence of Julius Cæsar for many years while he held the office of Chief Pontiff, and it was the scene of Clodius's celebrated intrigue with Cæsar's wife. In 12 B.C., when Augustus became Pontifex Maximus, he preferred to live on the Palatine, in a more commodious palace which he built adjoining the magnificent Temple and Area of the Palatine Apollo. He therefore presented the Regia to the Vestals, because, as Dion Cassius (*lvi. 27*) says, it adjoined their house—*ἐπὶ τοῖς οἰκίαις αὐτῶν ἦν*. The Vestal virgins appear then or shortly after to have pulled down the Regia, and rebuilt their house on a larger scale, extending it partly over the site of the Pontiff's house. Thus the lower part of its walls, columns, and some of its mosaic

pavements have been preserved to the present time, owing to the fact that the enlarged house of the Vestals was built over it with floors at a rather higher level, thus covering and protecting the remains of the ancient Regia. The existing walls are not sufficient to show more than fragments of the plan of this house, which is one of the earliest specimens of domestic architecture in Rome. It extended nearly up to the Temple of Vesta, and its north-east side was bordered by the ancient line of the Sacra Via, which originally paved it in a diagonal direction, and so on to the front of the Temple of Cæstor and the side of the Basilica Julia. The axis of the Regia appears to have been regulated by the line of the Sacra Via, and has quite a different direction to that of the later house of the Vestals. In later times the course of the Sacra Via at this point was completely altered, and the road brought in front of the Temple of Faustina, rejoining its old line along the south-west verge of the Forum area by a cross-road in front of the Heroon to the deified Julius Cæsar. Thus its old line near the Regia is now covered with large slabs of travertine in place of the basalt blocks which originally formed its pavement. The little that now remains of the Regia is of several different dates—first, walls built of large blocks of soft tufa, the earliest building material used in Rome, probably belonging to the Regal period; second, walls of hard tufa, dating probably from the rebuilding after 390 B.C. or 210 B.C.; and, third, concrete walls faced with brick, and columns of travertine, both thickly coated with stucco and decorated with painting, together with a large quantity of fine mosaic paving having the early characteristic of very small tesserae with closely-fitting joints, quite unlike the much coarser mosaics of the later Empire. This part probably belongs to the restoration and partial rebuilding by Domitius Calvinus in 35 B.C. (see Dion Cass. *xlili. 42*).

At one point there is a small room, one side of which is open, with two travertine fluted columns, arranged like those in the Tablinum of the house of the Vestals. At another part of the house some travertine engaged columns still exist, which appear to have faced on to an open atrium. In front of these a channel for rain-water, cut in large blocks of travertine, is well preserved. The stucco on this was coloured a brilliant blue, made of *smalto*; that on the columns was bright crimson. Some of the internal walls have simple patterns, with leaf ornaments, wreaths, and flowers, the surface being divided into panels, with garlands of flowers in the centre of each. The brick facing of the concrete walls closely resembles that of the back wall of the Rostra, which is of nearly the same date, and next to that these walls in the Regia are probably the earliest existing examples of brickwork in Rome. The mosaic floors have simple patterns—lozenges, hexagons, or squares in white marble and grey basalt; one room with an apsidal and has a graceful scroll-work of foliage, very neatly worked. Other floors are made of hard white cement of pounded marble, studded with rudely-shaped bits of the then rare coloured Oriental marbles, very similar to the pavement in the Triclinium of the (so-called) house of Livia on the Palatine, another of the earliest examples of mosaic in Rome.

Unhappily these priceless remains in the Regia are rapidly disappearing, and in a short while not one scrap will remain either of the coloured decoration on the walls or the exquisitely fitted mosaics of the floors. This is partly the result of exposure to frost and rain, but still more to the unscrupulous robberies of visitors, who break up and steal piecemeal the easily loosened tesserae. It is much to be regretted that nothing has been done to protect the remains of the Regia from weather, and but little to save them from the attacks of modern barbarians. The official guardians of the Roman Forum are so much occupied in seeing that no one makes a sketch or takes a note without a special permit, that they have little attention to spare for what ought to be their real duty. Besides being a dwelling-house so placed that the Pontifex Maximus had immediate access both to the Temple of Vesta and the house of the Vestals, whose spiritual father he was supposed to be, the Regia contained a very important sacrum, in which were preserved the sacred spears of Mars, which, like the Ancilia, announced coming disaster by spontaneous movement. This is said to have happened just before the murder of Julius Cæsar. Within the Regia, also, was the shrine of the goddess Ops Consiva, the wife of Saturn, a place of special sanctity, where no one was admitted except the Vestals and the Pontifex Maximus or Sacerdos Publicus. When the Regia was destroyed it is probable that these sacraria were transferred to the new house of the Vestals, in which there was ample space, and which had many chambers quite removed from all sight of the outer world.

It appears probable that the other sacred relics, on the safe keeping of which the welfare and even the existence of the Roman State were supposed to depend, were preserved, not in the miniature cella of the temple, but in the Vestals' house. These relics, which Livy (*xxvi. 27*) calls "*fatata pignus Romani imperii*," consisted of several objects, the chief being the Palladium, which Æneas saved from the burning of Troy. This was carefully concealed from all eyes but those of its guardians, and was always the first thing which the Vestals thought of saving when danger approached.

When the Vestals escaped from the Gauls in 390 B.C., they first buried the Palladium, placed in a large clay vessel or *dolium*, in the Forum Magnum; and this spot, afterwards known as the *doliola*, was considered sacred, so that no one was allowed to spit upon it.

THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY COMPANIES—WAR OR FUSION?

JUST when the railway war in the United States is being brought to an end, we are threatened with a suicidal conflict between the three Companies serving the south-eastern corner of England, the so-called Southern Companies—that is, the London, Brighton, and South Coast, the South-Eastern, and the London, Chatham, and Dover. The three compete with one another; but a glance at a map exhibiting their several systems will show that the competition of the South-Eastern with its two neighbours is the most formidable. It lies between them, and taps their traffic at innumerable points. Accordingly, the antagonism just now between the South-Eastern on the one hand and the Brighton and Chatham on the other is intense. The South-Eastern Company accuses the Chatham Company of having broken the convention which regulates the relations of the two Companies to one another, and of flinging away part of its traffic. The Brighton Company, on the other hand, charges the South-Eastern with an equally gross breach of the agreement with itself, and of a direct invasion of its territory. There are replies, of course, to these accusations; but it would not be profitable to inquire upon which side the fault lies. The questions at issue easily admit of settlement if there was a disposition anywhere to come to terms. Rumour, however, says that the leading spirits in the three Companies entertain towards one another personal animosity, and that they are disposed to make the most of every cause of dispute. Furthermore, between two of them there is a still more bitter contention elsewhere. The Chairman of the South-Eastern is also Chairman of the Metropolitan Railway Company, and the Chairman of the London and Chatham is Chairman of the Metropolitan District Company. Now the Metropolitan and the District are at loggerheads, and their differences have been sorely aggravated by the completion of the inner circle. Lastly, Sir Edward Watkin is accused of plans which excite disquiet amongst others than the immediate competitors now spoken of. At the recent half-yearly meeting of the Metropolitan Company it was alleged, and he did not deny the allegation, that the extension of the Metropolitan Railway to Rickmansworth is intended to be continued until it forms a junction with the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway, of which Company also Sir Edward Watkin is Chairman. He is thus alleged to have in contemplation the formation of another main line, which, unlike the existing main lines, will be likewise a London railway, and will even join hands with the Continental system. And his Channel Tunnel scheme testifies that his plans are not confined to this island. Whether his projects are on this grandiose scale or not, it is certain that they are causing some disquiet, and that in the south-eastern district he is threatened with a regular war of rates. At the late meeting of the shareholders of the Brighton Company Mr. Laing intimated that he would resort to hostilities if the South-Eastern Company persisted in aggression upon the Brighton territory. Sir Edward, on his side, disclaims all intention of aggression; and, as evidence of his desire to be at peace with his neighbours, has proposed a fusion with his two competitors. But Mr. Laing declares that a fusion is impracticable, and that, even if it were agreed upon by the three Companies, it would be prohibited by Parliament.

There is a very general impression that a war of rates between rival Companies is not unfavourable to the public interest. Railway Companies possess a monopoly of the traffic of their districts, and are inclined to make the most of their monopoly. They are, therefore, not very popular, and the public is inclined to think that war between two or more of them will bring down rates and make competition effective. The notion, however, is a somewhat hasty one. While the war lasts, of course, rates are brought down, but if it continues for any time one or other of the combatants is exhausted, and then the victor is able to raise rates again so as to compensate himself for his losses during the conflict. Moreover, he is able to impose terms upon the vanquished party which will prevent a recurrence of the strife for a considerable time. The temporary reduction of rates is, therefore, probably followed by an aggravation of charges which continues for a much longer time. Furthermore, and this is the important point, the losses incurred during the struggle disable the combatants from properly serving the public. While the fight lasts, the Companies are very likely to allow their lines to get out of order, because their receipts fall off, while their expenditure is increased. And if the fight ends in the exhaustion of one or more of the combatants, the embarrassments of the exhausted Company prevent it from properly fulfilling its duties. It never keeps its line and working stock in proper condition, and it does not serve the public efficiently. Lastly, the losses of the shareholders are a disadvantage to the whole community. We are all suffering now from an almost unprecedented fall in prices. If these sufferings are to be aggravated by a war between three important Railway Companies, leading to a serious depreciation in the properties of share and bondholders, the indirect effect will far more than outweigh any temporary advantages that may accrue from reductions in rates and fares. For several reasons, then, it is to be hoped that the shareholders of the three Companies will forbid a suicidal struggle, which can do no good to any interest and must inflict widespread injury. And as there is rather a disposition to look favourably upon a war of rates, so there is a disposition to look with disfavour upon all proposals of fusion. We are rather inclined to think, however, that in this the public judges wrongly. Even now there is

no effective competition between the three Companies. There are working agreements which bind the several Companies to charge the same rates, and which practically result in limiting the accommodation afforded to the public. The service between London and Brighton is certainly not inferior to that between London and Eastbourne, London and Hastings, or London and Margate and Ramsgate; yet the former is influenced by no competition, while all the others are. Moreover, on no line in England, perhaps, are the carriages worse or the fares higher than on the South-Eastern. Again, the hop-growers complain of both the South-Eastern and the Chatham and Dover quite as loudly as do any merchants or producers in any part of the country of any Company not exposed to competition. The present nominal competition, then, does not protect the interests of the public, and a judicious fusion need not necessarily injure those interests. At present three Boards of Directors, three secretaries with their staffs, and three managers with their staffs are employed where, in case of amalgamation, there would be only one of each. The whole work of superintendence and management could, were fusion to take place, be performed at about a third of the cost at which it is now done. The savings might be applied partly in increasing dividends and partly in affording additional accommodation to the public. Nor is it only on the score of economy that fusion is advisable. At present, notwithstanding working agreements, the running of trains is very inconvenient. Wherever there is a choice of two or more lines to a particular place, it will be found generally that the trains all start at about the same time. Were the three Companies under one management, this would be altered. Without adding to the number of trains run, and probably with a considerable diminution of their number, the trains might be so timed that a greater choice as to the hours of starting would be afforded to the public. Nevertheless, we are afraid that a proposed fusion would arouse fierce opposition throughout the district served by the three Companies, and we cannot doubt that much sympathy would be felt in Parliament with the opposition. Nor would it be easy either to frame any scheme of amalgamation that would be satisfactory to the shareholders of all three Companies. Were it possible, as in the United States, to foreclose the mortgages of a Railway Company, to sell the line, and reorganize the Company, amalgamation would be very much easier. But as matters stand in this country, a fusion is more difficult. And it would be no easy task to frame an arrangement which would satisfy the shareholders of the London, Chatham, and Dover as well as those of the South-Eastern and the London and Brighton; for it must be recollected that the ordinary shareholders of the London and Chatham receive no dividend and have no prospects of receiving one for many a year to come.

Of course if the shareholders really wish for an amalgamation, the difficulties in the way of framing a scheme would be overcome. But to carry out the idea it would be necessary to get rid of the existing Boards and to elect Boards expressly for the purpose of effecting a fusion. Without imputing any improper motives, knowledge of human nature tells us that no one likes to be told that his services are of no value, and that the interests of those who employ him require that he should be thrown aside. It is not, therefore, probable that the existing Directors, secretaries, and managers, are in favour of fusion, or that they would cordially assist in smoothing the way to effect one. Until the shareholders, then, are convinced of the necessity for fusion, and are so eager for it that they will get rid of the present Boards and elect new Boards expressly to carry out the scheme, it is not likely that fusion will be effected. Even if this were done, it is hardly to be doubted that considerable opposition would be offered in Parliament. But that opposition might be overcome; for it would not be insuperably difficult to frame clauses which would insure to the public at least as good accommodation as they have at present. For the time, however, it is hardly worth while to discuss the advantages of fusion. Mr. Laing has emphatically declared against it, and apparently he is supported by the shareholders of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Company. That being so, the question is effectually disposed of. But if fusion is not to be thought of, it is to be hoped, in the interest of all concerned, that the shareholders will bestir themselves to prevent a war of rates. We have seen in the United States how fruitful in losses of all kinds a war of rates is, and how even the public themselves come to rejoice in its termination. And a war of rates would certainly not be less harmful in England than in the United States. It is to be feared, however, that a war of rates may ensue unless the shareholders bestir themselves and convince their directors that a working arrangement must be arrived at. Such an arrangement, though less advantageous to the public than a fusion, would still be better than a conflict which would end probably in the utter exhaustion of one of the Companies, and in worse accommodation and less facilities for the public than are now afforded.

DANCING LITERATURE AND DOGMA.

IF any philosopher of leisure, moving in polite circles, is in want of a subject on which to write an immortal work, there is a subject of deep and wide interest badly in want of a philosopher, and that is dancing. The philosopher who not long ago demonstrated in the pages of a sedate periodical that revolution is not progress seems to be the right person, but he is never in want of a subject,

and if he were, he might have some difficulty in proving that the ingenious gambols of the waltzer do not furnish a refutation as well as an example of that too much neglected theory. In the meantime it is equally deplorable and undeniable that nobody seems able to write little books about dancing without becoming extravagantly absurd. There is, or was, on the other side of the Atlantic a person named William Cleaver Wilkinson, to whom it was our privilege to call the attention of our readers in the autumn of last year. He was less of a philosopher than a moral reformer, and he denounced the dance, as he called it, in surprising terms on account of its wickedness—at least when it is practised by persons of opposite sexes. He was an amusing prophet, and did nobody any harm, but he was not what the progress (or revolution) of the ages seems to call for. Why do people dance? How have they danced? What (if any) is the essential difference between the dancing of the South Sea Islands and the dancing of Queen's Gate? And, above all, why does a man about to write a little sixpenny square book called *Hints on Dancing; or, the Etiquette of the Ball Room*—it is believed that the composition of works of this class is, like the making of music calculated to live for ever, one of the few human feats never achieved by females—invariably take leave of his sober senses, and cut literary capers of the most bewildering grotesqueness? These are the essential problems of the virgin study of comparative chorology, a science which is still, in 1885, awaiting its exponent.

The latest novice in the ranks of the authors indicated above is Mr. E. Scott, who has written a little book called *The New Ball-room Guide*, and we are happy to observe that he shows himself capable, in a degree unusual with most of his predecessors, of accommodating himself to the prevailing habits of the age and country which he happens to adorn. He gives to the waltz in theory that eminence among dances which it has indisputably won for itself in practice. True, he commits himself to the astonishing fallacy, older than the belief that Mr. Gladstone is a man of peace, and quite as contemptuous of the "stubbornness" which is popularly attributed to "facts," that "among the dances now considered fashionable" that unhappy old bore the quadrille "is perhaps the most universally admired . . . and a programme is seldom arranged without its appearance once or oftener during the evening." Also he devotes a page or two each to the description of the "Polo," the "Circassian Circle," the "Prince Imperial"—which last he asserts to have been "somewhat neglected of late," owing "perhaps" to "the melancholy associations connected with the unfortunate youth from whom it takes its name"—and some other dances equally far removed from the range of practical athletics. But these odd speculations are episodic, and, on the whole, Mr. Scott frankly and fully accepts the supremacy of the waltz, to which he devotes two-thirds of his pages and nearly all his fine writing.

"Let us," then, in company with Mr. Scott, "imagine a scene of unalloyed enjoyment, wherein young people of both sexes are mingling in the most agreeable of diversions, and those of maturer years conversing pleasantly while watching the graceful movements of their children and proteges (*sic*), revealing by their smiling faces the unselfish pleasure they derive from witnessing the happiness of others . . . where delicious music directs the footsteps of the dancers and delights the ears of those who are past their dancing days, awakening sweet reminiscences of 'auld lang syne,' a scene wherein" there is everything, in short, that the heart of man could desire, except a full stop, and where even that may be hoped for by him who has the patience to struggle to the end of a page and a half of this sort of thing. But, alas! though all this is very nice to imagine (if you are sound in the wind), it does not always happen. "The movements of the dancers are frequently far from graceful; the enjoyment afforded to chaperons and those who are seldom solicited for dances is but scanty." Worse even than this, "it too often happens that young men retire from the ball-room to brood over disappointments, and sensitive girls to weep upon their pillows." These are the evils, it seems, from which the world may be rescued if it will only lay Mr. Scott's counsels to heart. It will be admitted that they are serious. The fate of the sensitive girls in particular will excite the keenest sympathy. It is not every one who has been honoured with confidences so delicate and so affecting, and the most thoughtless male partner may well be sobered by the novel reflection that a lachrymose interview with a pillow may probably be the result, if he does not (or does, as the case may be) dance with the fair being to whom his word is pledged. "If a lady does not wish to dance with any gentleman who may request her, and cannot decline on the plea of a former engagement, it is better that she should express her intention of sitting out that particular dance, and having done so, abide by her decision." There appear to be two objections to this method of approximating to the state of breathless happiness which we "imagined" in accordance with our author's opening request. In the first place, the gentleman may have the meanness to retire from the ball-room to brood over the disappointment, in which case the existing evil will not have been remedied. Or, worse still, he may answer, "Sit out? Why, certainly. Nothing I should like better!" and experience shows that to sit out with a partner you dislike is yet more grievous than to dance with him—or her. We offer ladies no solution of the difficulty, but we cannot advise them to accept Mr. Scott's as sufficient. Here is a piece of advice to men which may be more confidently endorsed:—"Do not select all your partners from among the prettiest girls and best dancers in the room." This rule is pretty certain to be

generally complied with. If there is any one so lucky as to be able invariably to set it at defiance, we may be sure that fortune has something remarkable in store for him. Mr. Scott has been "told that a ball-room is not the place for love-making," and therefore "if your sweetheart be present," you need not dance with her more than you like. We do not venture to dispute the conclusion, but there is certainly a superstition in some minds that a ball-room is a place where, in one way or another, a good deal of love-making is got through. No sort of objection can be taken to the caution "not to give her [your sweetheart] cause for uneasiness by concentrating your attention in another direction [*Anglicè*, flirting with somebody else]; rather distribute your favours equally [favours is gratifying], and "under the circumstances" you might, perhaps, give a few dances to "those ladies who appear to obtain the least consideration." When Mr. Scott's code is the acknowledged authority to which the manners of dancing men should conform, the distribution of the spare favours of those gentlemen who happen to have sweethearts in the room will arouse particularly lively feelings of gratitude in the breasts of the fortunate recipients. Some good advice is given to ladies who are "asked to dance by one who, from his diffidence, has evidently made his first appearance at a ball." (We need not stop to inquire how they should treat the paradoxical person who appears at a ball having his first appearance yet to make.) They are to be very kind to him, he wants it, and deserves it. "He is terribly nervous, you scarcely feel that he is holding you; yet, believe me, the hand that trembles at your touch, the arm that falters round your waist, would become as iron if raised in your defence; and the lips which now refuse to utter even the commonest platitudes [dancing with a novice is not all bitterness apparently] would be eloquent with scorn in repudiating any aspersion cast against your sex, whom his very timidity shows he honours."

After a good deal of general advice of this kind Mr. Scott gets to work on "The Art of Waltzing." He is a great upholder of the *Trois-Temps*, wherein every one with music in his soul will agree with him, but, at the same time, it will be news to some people that "the dance known as the *Deux-Temps* . . . is rarely heard of now, and we are fortunate in being rid of such an ungraceful movement." It is not well, as a rule, to hazard unqualified statements about anything; but perhaps, if there is one upon which the courageous may venture with a reasonable hope of not being confuted, it is that nobody can teach himself to dance by reading a book. If it could be done, we are bound to say that Mr. Scott's work appears to us more likely to achieve that end than any other we have ever perused. Of course the diagram with pictures of the soles of a lady's feet and of one gentleman's foot (the same size as his partner's), and the explanations attached to it, are very confusing, but they are actually right! Also there occurs in the course of the explanations one beautiful sentence, which shows how the science of dancing has a place of its own in the science of things in general, and which we commend to the Quarterly Reviewer before referred to. "The progress made in these last three steps is only revolutionary, and not forward." How often would the candid historian of nations be forced to confess as much! In a chapter descriptive of the faults which unskilled waltzers frequently commit, the author relapses again into the manner inseparable from his subject. "One of the most common . . . is a tendency to run round their partners, like the tyre of a wheel round the axle, which has, of course, a very absurd appearance." It certainly sounds as if it would have; and we can only regret that a prolonged experience in seeing other people dance has not enabled us to add the weight of our concurrence to the result of Mr. Scott's observation. "A gentleman should not stare wildly in dancing, or gaze upward, as if he imagined himself in the seventh heaven." A gentleman should hardly ever stare wildly; but suppose the unhappy young man does imagine himself in the seventh heaven, what then?

Such is the latest contribution to chorological literature which the desiderated philosopher, when he comes, will have to make the basis of his investigations. We will present him with a few hints as to the lines upon which his ultimate theories may not improbably be founded. The wish to jump in symmetrical combinations is one of the most deeply implanted instincts of the human race. Savages dance and we dance, and our dances differ from theirs only in detail. The more lively and boisterous dances approximate most nearly to the original type, and are therefore the best. The best dance now practised in London is the Highland schottische, but only the more favoured of the effete sons and daughters of civilization can live up to it. The same spirit which produced the romantic revival in literature lifted the common run of dancers out of minuetts, quadrilles, and suchlike eighteenth-century hollownes into the waltz, and there they stick for the present. Also dancing contains the germs of a great principle. There exists a certain epicene set of improvers of the English language, who frequently speak of dancing as "revolving." Their words contain more wisdom than they know. The dancer revolves round his own axis, and also round the centre of the apartment. He goes through a never-ending cycle of essentially contemptible revolutions, and he gets no forrarder. Herein he is deeply conservative, and he illustrates the social and political processes of his kind.

THE INLAND REVENUE.

IT is an old adage that "Good wine needs no bush," and, in presenting to Parliament the Twenty-eighth Annual Report upon the Inland Revenue, the Commissioners of Inland Revenue could have well afforded to refrain from printing the preliminary puff which Mr. Algernon West appears to have extracted from the ever-ready pen of Mr. Gladstone. Praise is doubtless pleasant, and it must have been satisfactory to the Commissioners—and especially to Lord St. Cyres, who is particularly named by Mr. Gladstone, with his usual circumlocution, as the gentleman "who was Mr. Northcote"—to have received so flattering a certificate to character as that contained in the epistle addressed to "My dear West"; but we think it would have been better taste, as it undoubtedly would have been more consonant with precedent, if a Report which is by Command presented to both Houses of Parliament had not included the personal opinion upon it of one particular member of one House who at the time he wrote his testimonial was merely a private member.

In truth, no puffing was required, for this Twenty-eighth Report is a very well-constructed and compendious history of all the different taxes under the management of the Board of Inland Revenue, which together amount to upwards of 53,000,000*l.* It practically condenses all that is valuable in the various annual Reports on this subject which have preceded it, and the tabular statements of the yield of the different duties during the past fifteen years cannot fail to be welcome to all who seriously study politics and who know how much may be learnt of the condition of the country from a careful examination and analysis of the Revenue Returns.

An exhaustive and rather technical description of the distillation of spirits will prove interesting to some readers; but the majority of the public will probably wish to know what light is thrown upon the real spread of temperance by the Returns of Spirit-duty, and this we will give them in the Commissioners' own words, premising that the effect of ten years' exceptional depression of trade, as compared with ten years' exceptional inflation, seems to be ignored:—

It was in 1875-6 that the taxes on alcohol reached their highest point, and a comparison of the following figures may prove interesting:—

	Customs, &c. (Foreign Spirits and Wine)	Malt, &c., or Beer	Excise (British Spirits)	Total
	£	£	£	£
1865-6	4,912,197	6,793,104	10,437,168	22,142,469
1875-6	7,894,373	8,584,710	15,154,327	31,633,410
1884-5	5,547,937	8,544,749	13,987,472	28,079,258

The enormous decrease that has occurred since 1875-6, in spite of the increase in the population during the last nine years, is most striking, and can hardly fail to be considered a convincing proof of the growth of temperance.

There are many interesting descriptions of various other taxes, notably of the "Beer-duty," which was imposed by Mr. Gladstone in 1880 in substitution of the Malt-tax, and which appears to yield more money to the revenue than did the Malt-tax, though the change has not tended to benefit the farmer so far as the price of barley is concerned. Indeed, we take it that the surplus revenue yielded by the Beer-tax in excess of that yielded by the old Malt and Sugar-tax is the measure of the injury which Mr. Gladstone did in 1880 to the British farmer by allowing the use of materials other than malted barley and sugar in the manufacture of beer. That there was no compensating advantage to the consumers of beer is pretty certain, and it is probable that the brewer alone gained by the change.

Readers of a gloomy turn of mind will find in this Report an admirable essay upon the group of taxes which it is now the fashion to call by the lugubrious title of the "Death Duties," and especially good, in our opinion, is the chapter devoted to "Succession-duty," which might profitably be read by every landowner in the country. It explains in a very lucid manner many of the difficult and intricate points which have puzzled many successors to real estate since 1853.

The Property and Income-tax naturally comes in for a very full and minute disquisition. There is the usual sneer at Mr. Hubbard, and rather more than the usual laudation of Mr. Gladstone and Sir Stafford Northcote, whose names seem to have been dragged in needlessly often. But the history and incidence of the various schedules of the Income-tax Acts are capably given, and the arguments against returning to a graduated Income-tax seem conclusive. Mr. Pitt tried it for one year, in 1798, and rejected it, and no financier who since the days of Mr. Pitt has had to control our fiscal system has ever dreamt of trying it again.

The statistical tables of the yield of the various heads of Income-tax during every year since 1868 cannot fail to be valuable to all students of economic science, as well as to those who use them for financial purposes only, and the whole Report, in spite of the little faults in taste to which we have already alluded, is calculated to prove a very useful book of reference upon the many matters with which it deals.

ARRAH-NA-POGUE.

IN that peculiar theory of life which Mr. Boucicault has elected to represent on the stage nothing is possible save that which is improbable, and nothing probable unless it be the impossible. If we accept the convention thus formulated, Mr. Boucicault is irresistible; he is so neat, so clever, so dexterous, so full of expedient and resource, that for as much as half an hour at a time he compels belief, and makes mere legerdemain the only essential quality in art. Nor, if we reject his premises, is it always easy to deny his conclusions. We may demur, but we are perforce amused; we may question, but for a while at least we are unable to refrain from excitement; we despise the formula, we know the spell by heart, but the formula somehow holds good, and the enchantment is somehow more or less potent. For the space of a whole act we are content that incident should wait upon necessity; that smiles and tears, the comic and the pathetic, should be regularly sandwiched; that human nature should be human nature no longer, and drama no more than a succession of taking speeches, an arrangement of what actors call "good lines." After that, it may be, we grow a little restive; we tire of mere cleverness, and begin to long for a touch of sincerity; we wake to the fact that clap-trap, no matter how pretty and neat its expression, is always clap-trap; we cease from applauding the conjuror, and begin to inquire after the dramatist. The knowledge that our author has his finger from first to last on the pulse of his pit and gallery, and that he is producing his effects with a certainty so inevitable as to be almost mechanical, becomes tedious—even annoying. There is something insolent in this deliberate preference of what is common and popular, in this judicious and intelligent avoidance of nature and artistic truth; and in the end the success of the practice appears almost degrading. One recognizes that throughout there is not a trace of sincerity, nor a touch of honest art; that all this admirable contrivance is but a trap to catch applause and laughter; and that in its construction and invention there has been misused as much of wit and ingenuity and craftsmanship as, worthily and sincerely directed, would stamp the author no playwright, but a dramatist, and result in the production of a real play.

That, at all events, is the effect of *Arrah-na-Pogue*, as revived at the Adelphi, with Mr. Charles Sullivan, Miss Mary Rorke, and Mr. Robert Pateman, as Shaun the Post, as Arrah Meelish, and as Feeney the Informer. It is the best and neatest of Mr. Boucicault's Irish melodramas, and its potency and completeness are apparent as ever. It is brimful of a certain sort of cheap treason; and the Irish patriot is not now so popular a creature as he was a few years back. But it holds its own from the first scene to the last, and from the rise to the fall of the curtain it is literally scored with bursts of laughter and applause. From a certain point of view, there can be no doubt that it deserves its success. Never has Mr. Boucicault arranged his materials so well, or made such capital use of his excellent literary gift. His first act is of its kind a little masterpiece. It opens admirably, it plays with wonderful spirit and rapidity, and it has as good a "curtain" as exists in modern melodrama. After this, it is true, the interest dwindles, and the construction becomes a little broken and involved; but the playwright has still a handful of small trumps, and when he plays his last card, it is found to be a situation which is novel and exciting in no mean degree. And then the dialogue is all so clever and bright, the incidents all so brisk and so taking, the good characters so obvious and sympathetic, the villain so meanly villainous, the distribution of light and shade, tears and laughter, kicks and ha'pence, so beautifully and conventionally just! One gets tired, as we have said; one wearies for a little sincerity, a little passion, a little honesty of any sort; and one feels a good deal of anger that the play should be, no play, but a kind of booby-trap in disguise. But one has to admit that Mr. Boucicault is in his way a tall man of his hands; that he is almost as good a stage-carpenter as Scribe, and—apart from some few such slips of the pen as "Pardon my agitation"—a vast deal better writer; and that, after all, it is unfair to take him seriously, inasmuch as in *Arrah-na-Pogue* he has probably given us the best he could.

Mr. Sullivan is easy, natural, and sympathetic; he has tact and humour, and a certain lightness of touch; he is not without pathos, and—save when he forgets his part and plays to the gallery—he is seldom wanting in sincerity. He is best in the first act, which he plays with scarcely a false note. Afterwards, like his author, he a little comes to grief. Miss Mary Rorke has an attractive appearance, and is nowise objectionable as Arrah. Of Mr. Pateman's Michael Feeney the less said the better; his absence is always a relief, and his presence a perpetual reminder of the admirable qualities of Mr. Sheil Barry. As Katty, a Miss Nelson, whom we do not remember to have seen before, approves herself quite irresistible in a jig—dances, indeed, with an instinct, a vivacity, a *diable au corps*, that are nothing less than delightful. As Fanny Power—a pretty part—Miss Cissy Grahame is scarcely adequate. Of the others no word need be set down, whether for good or ill. The scenery is pleasant and fresh, and there is a good and well-managed crowd. On the whole, the revival should prove a prosperous adventure.

INTERNATIONAL SANITATION.

THE history of European opinion with regard to the measures to be adopted for the prevention of cholera is practically the history of the effect of Indian on European opinion; and it is rational that this should be the case. We are, in fact, inclined to be surprised that the views of the West should have been so slow in conforming to the views of the East. India affords by far the best field for investigation, as being the only country where cholera is endemic or in perpetual existence; further, it contains vast areas where homogeneous and trustworthy statistics, extending over an extensive period, have been collected, while the regular succession of seasons affords opportunities for the examination of atmospheric and telluric conditions which the shifting and uncertain character of the European climate leaves indeterminate.

We are happy to be able to record that the Technical Commission appointed by the International Sanitary Conference at Rome recorded, as the result of their deliberations in May and June, recommendations tending towards the common-sense view of the question adopted by Indian authorities. These recommendations, which, though in advance of any results hitherto obtained from these bodies, fall far short of what, it is hoped, may in the future be achieved, will be better understood if we give a short summary of the investigations yielding the material on which they are based. In order to do this, it will scarcely be necessary to enter into the history at an earlier period than Dr. Koch's celebrated discovery in connection with the comma-bacillus—so called from its resemblance to the German comma. This discovery was hailed with an eagerness by the world at large, which can only be explained by the fact that in matters where we possess no specific knowledge we are ready to accept any cause—the simpler the better—which appears to furnish a tangible explanation; and, also, because the comma-bacillus set a seal of the fullest sanction on the measures of cordon and quarantine which had up to that period prevailed.

Dr. Koch was despatched to India by the German Government in 1883, and after a brief investigation proclaimed that he had fathomed the mystery which had for years baffled patient and indefatigable investigators. His conclusions may be thus summarily stated. A bacillus was invariably found in the intestines of cholera patients, which proved to be the producer of the cholera virus, capable *per se* of initiating the malady when introduced into a fresh individual, and, as this organism thrives and propagates in water, therefore water thus contaminated would set up the disease in anybody drinking it. Such was the main cause of epidemics. The bacillus was also communicated directly, as when derived from fresh evacuations it constituted the *contagium vivum*.

Dr. Koch's discovery was received with scepticism by English savants. Sir Joseph Fayrer and Professor Ray Lankester immediately protested against it, and the Indian Government were so impressed by the dangers attending its general acceptance that, on their own account, they commissioned Dr. E. Klein and Dr. Heneage Gibbs to open an inquiry. The report of these gentlemen in April last was such as to completely confute Dr. Koch's assertions.

Direct contagion, they pointed out, "does not exist at all, or is of the greatest rarity"—persons attendant on cholera patients being particularly exempt from the disease; adopting the conclusions of Von Pettenkofer, that as between the introduction of cholera virus into a new locality and the outbreak of the disease in an epidemic form there is always a considerable lapse of time, during which the virus passes through a stage of development in the soil, which soil must be of a defined character, before it can produce disease, therefore the bacillus could not, without having gone through some such process, constitute the actual *materies morbi*. A thousand instances might be adduced to prove this. One remark, however, will suffice. It is the universal practice in India to remove into camp troops amongst whom cholera has appeared, with the invariable consequence that the spread of the disease is prevented. Did its propagation depend on the propagation of the bacillus, it is obvious this measure would have no effect. Another argument to be urged against Dr. Koch is that, because the comma-bacillus, according to him, cannot exist in acid media, therefore the conditions under which it could pass into the small intestine, the ileum being its true breeding-ground, are not those of intestinal disturbance which precedes cholera; indeed, the only chance it would have of running the gauntlet of the stomach would be early in the morning before the absorption of food had excited the flow of gastric juices. Such are Messrs. Klein and Gibbs's *a priori* arguments against Dr. Koch's discovery.

Dr. Koch has further failed to establish both the specific nature of the comma-bacillus and its relation with cholera. Without doubt comma-shaped bacilli exist under other than choleric conditions; while in certain cases of an acute nature they do not reside in the intestinal tissues in sufficient numbers to set up the chemical ferment which is, as Dr. Koch states, the direct poison. Again, Dr. Koch's observations on the habits of the comma-bacillus are incorrect and misleading. But the most convincing argument against him is the fact that in no single instance has cholera ever been transmitted to animals by inoculation with the bacillus, which nevertheless is propagated in the intestines of the animal subjected to the operation. With regard to the lower animals, mice, rabbits, and guinea-pigs, Dr. Koch is constrained to admit that they are not susceptible to cholera; but he claims notwithstanding to have established the fact that cholera is transmissible to animals, because certain animals of a higher order

died after being infected with the bacillus. These operations are discussed at length by Messrs. Klein and Gibbs, who prove that there is no evidence to show that the animals in question did not die of septic infection or in consequence of the operation, or that the comma-bacillus is capable when injected into the small intestine of producing cholera in any animal whatsoever. In short, "the body of a patient suffering from cholera contains no organisms of any kind that can be associated with the disease."

At the same time, however, that these investigators deprive Dr. Koch's comma-bacillus of its evil reputation, they declare their conviction that cholera virus is propagated by means of a living entity of some kind or other; and their conclusions on this head appear to us the least convincing portion of their Report. Dr. Koch finds an organism and assumes that this organism produces the cholera virus; Messrs. Klein and Gibbs start with the cholera virus and assume an organism as the cause of its propagation. We will endeavour to summarize their argument, which is concise and somewhat technical. There is no living entity within the cholera patient which will of itself set up cholera when introduced into another individual. But "there can be no question that a cholera case introduced into a suitable locality can and does transform this locality into a centre of the plague, and there can be likewise no doubt that cholera can be and is occasionally introduced, not by a patient at all, but by some articles coming from an infected locality." Cholera is then introduced by something transferable from one locality to another. "This something must obviously be self-multiplying, and as no chemical ferment fulfils this elementary condition, it is necessary to assume that this something is a living entity, an organism," outside the body of the patient, which, finding a suitable soil, is multiplied therein and creates a chemical ferment, which, on gaining access to the body of a person, sets up cholera.

This theory, as will be seen, does not admit of direct contagion, but only of contagion through a suitable medium. Messrs. Klein and Gibbs give us no analysis of the cases on which their theory is practically based, "in which the handling of linen previously soiled with cholera evacuations has been capable of producing cholera within so short a time as half an hour," and which, though they may be accepted by Dr. Drasche, who chronicles them, are certainly not admitted by Dr. J. M. Cunningham, whose book on cholera is an excellent *résumé* of the Indian evidence on the subject, and who remarks that the great facts to be gleaned in connection with the history of cholera epidemics are opposed to the opinion that the extension of the disease is due to human intercourse, but rather to the co-existence of certain physical phenomena. The relativity of the regular rise and fall of cholera mortality to atmospheric and telluric conditions has at least been established by the exertions of Messrs. Lewis and D. D. Cunningham, the former of whom, when speaking at the Amsterdam Congress in 1883, remarked:—"My former colleague and myself have had considerable experience in investigating localized outbreaks of the disease, but in no single instance have we been able to satisfy ourselves that it was spread from man to man." There can be no doubt that the impression produced by this speech and by the arguments of Sir J. Fayrer on the same occasion contributed largely to the change of opinion which culminated in the recommendations passed in Rome in May and June of the present year.

The most important of these recommendations is the declaration of the uselessness of all land quarantine and sanitary cordons. It is, we fear, questionable how far this expression of opinion will affect the action of foreign Governments, especially as it is rumoured that France at the present time is contemplating the establishment of a land cordon against Spain. But, in face of the consistent action of the Indian Government, who are accustomed to treat cholera as a non-contagious disease, and with no detrimental consequences, nothing less than positive proof of cholera contagion can justify the infliction of the horrors of a cordon on an infected locality, especially as the confinement and isolation which a cordon entails deprives the inhabitants of what has been proved in India to be their surest means of salvation—namely, removal from the place of visitation.

No arguments could, however, prevail on the Commission to advise the entire abandonment of sea-quarantine, though recommendations were made which, if carried out, will sensibly diminish its rigors and inconveniences. There appears to be a rooted belief in Europe that India is the centre from which cholera radiates all over the world; and, despite the elaborate investigation conducted by Dr. J. M. Cunningham and others of cases of suspected cholera-importation, by which it has been, we think, sufficiently established that no such importation has taken place, that belief still continues. Sanitation is associated, perhaps more than any other science, with bias and prejudice; but the recommendations we chronicle afford grounds for hope that even these obstructions will yield at last to the energy and increasing knowledge of investigators who approach the subject with the earnest and impartial spirit of labourers in a good cause. The true safeguard against cholera is that "each country should have its own sanitary administration, which should be occupied entirely with carrying out sanitary improvements within its boundaries, and with collecting information to show where these are most wanted, and what results they have produced."

We shall await with anxiety the results of the Conference itself, which is to meet in November for the consideration of the proposals of the Technical Commission.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

WHATEVER may be urged against the increasing practice of individual exhibitions of living artists, the sculptor has only too much justification of the custom. The neglect of sculpture and the obstacles to effective public show supply the most reasonable ground for separate exhibition. The arrangements of the sculpture galleries at the Royal Academy are obviously defective. Crowded by a mass of mediocrity, thrust to a dead wall under a poor light, works of merit frequently have little chance of receiving their due and none at all of exhaustive study. The works of Mr. T. Nelson MacLean, now collected at Messrs. Bellman & Ivey's Gallery, 27 Piccadilly, deserve, as certainly as they demand, the advantages of isolated exhibition. Mr. MacLean is an artist of strong convictions and clear individuality. The soundness of his artistic creed is demonstrated by the complete success with which his works bear the test of collective exhibition. This is the more notable because the artist's idiosyncracies are well marked. He has pursued his path with undeviating loyalty to his ideal; earnestness and sincerity of faith have produced work whose freedom from the pedantries of tradition is an admirable characteristic. Many of the forty-two examples at Messrs. Bellman & Ivey's have been previously exhibited in one form or another, though all may be here more profitably studied than on previous occasions. The place of honour is occupied by a life-size group in marble of the two principal figures in Mr. Alma Tadema's "Spring Festival"—a work that employed Mr. MacLean's thought and energies for several years. The bold idea is carried out with singular success, though it may well be doubted, if reproduction was alone the sculptor's aim, whether the choice of subject was altogether happy. From this point of view, the doubt is accentuated by the beautiful reduction in bronze which perpetuates the painter's work in its breadth, vivacity, and sense of colour with more complete fidelity. However this may be, the marble group is a very spirited work, and a remarkable example of learning and accomplishment. As a whole, the exhibition strikingly illustrates two characteristics of Mr. MacLean's work that distinguish it from much English sculpture—his predilection for the draped figure and the very individual quality of his finish in sculptured marble. Mr. Humphrey Ward, in his excellent introduction to the Catalogue, adverts to the use of the rasp-file in marble-work, which in much modern Italian sculpture has brought marble "artistically on a level with the stamped terracotta." This condemnation is both sound and reasonable, and needs repetition, for it is precisely "the expressionless marble surface produced by use of the rasp" that is most admired by the untrained public. In the flesh textures of his marble Mr. MacLean's dislike of the rasp is apparent; it may be studied in the exquisite modelling of the bared limbs of the bounding figure in the "Spring Festival," while in other instances it is somewhat emphasized. In all cases it expresses the individuality of the sculptor, just as the painter's personality is expressed by touch and handling. Mr. MacLean's preference for the draped figure is manifested in every direction. It may have other sources than the universal acknowledgment of the nobility and distinction of his treatment. Even in subjects that suggest the nude—e.g. "A Sea Nymph" (14)—he veils the figure partially. Among the many fine examples of Mr. MacLean's skill may be mentioned the terracotta model of the "Ione"; the lovely bust, "Meditation," and the admirably expressive statues, "Comedy" and "Tragedy." Two charming marble statuettes are entitled "La Fleur des Champs," and "La Fleur de Ville." Copies of the studies for several of the most characteristic of the busts and statues are to be published in bronze; these include the "Meditation," "A Sea Nymph," the "Comedy" and "Tragedy," "Ione," the "Spring Festival," and two delightful statuettes of "Art" and "Science." In the interests of English art it is to be hoped that the public will support the enterprise of Messrs. Bellman & Ivey, and show a practical appreciation of work that is most creditable to the English school of sculpture.

At Messrs. Buck & Reid's Gallery, 179 New Bond Street, a number of water-colours by M. Jules Lessore, entitled "Picturesque London," set forth some familiar aspects of the streets and the river Thames. M. Lessore is an impressionist in the good sense of the word. He is a keen observer, swift to note the picturesque circumstances of the scene, and as swift to record them. His work tells of the rapid facility of touch, the quick apprehension of all that is essential, the freedom from all sense of labour that denote the accomplished draughtsman. His drawings have the vivid force of De Nittis's work. His "Greenwich Hospital" and "The Tower," his transcripts from the streets—the "Trafalgar Square," the "Westminster Bridge," and "St. Mary's-in-the-Strand"—are wonderful for freshness and truth of presentment. As might be expected, the artist gains his effects by the simplest means, mostly by pure grey tones used with masterly gradation. Messrs. Buck & Reid have also on view a varied collection of works in oils. Among these are a Constable with a Titianesque glory of colour—a landscape arbitrary in composition, though otherwise characteristic of the master—a good example of Diaz, and a typical Corot. The Corot is a delicate vision of large fleecy clouds that hang in the limitless azure over a wide and bare landscape in the broad light of noon. It is a small picture of an ordinary landscape, transfigured by the painter's genius to some glorified conception of the poet.

THE RADICAL'S LAMENT.

O JOSEPH! I believed you cute,
But I was sold in so believing;
For 'tis, I think, beyond dispute
That your advice was most deceiving.
Right plausible, I own, it seemed
To Midland Tadpole, Caucus Taper;
No shrewder dodge was ever schemed,
I perfectly admit—on paper.
To scuttle out and leave the mess
You'd made for others to inherit
Appeared a plan, I must confess,
Of very high strategic merit.
Nor know I how you failed to catch
Your adversary's foot the trap in,
Unless 'twas that confounded batch
Of might-have-beens that wouldn't happen.
The Tories might have feared the snare,
And drawing back from where you'd hidden 't,
Have lost the character they bear
For pluck—but then, you see, they didn't.
They took the risks of power, and though
The country might have said "You mustn't,"
And if it chose might still say so,
The trouble is, the country doesn't.
So Russia, on the specious plea
That Salisbury's Jingo, Gladstone wasn't,
Might have proclaimed her action free
In Central Asia—but she hasn't.
So, too, the Powers of Europe could
Have managed that the Tories shouldn't
Make our Egyptian blunders good—
Only the Powers of Europe wouldn't.
So Ireland might have broken rein,
And the unruly Irish pisant
Be at his old wild work again—
Only the Irish pisant isn't.
Why 'e'en the Mahdi, who might now
Some new diversion have been trying,
The very Mahdi needs must show
A brute perversity in dying.
But of all flattering tales of Hope,
All Expectation's idle stories,
None beats your fable of "The Rope,
The Gallows, and the Wicked Tories."
You said: "That party, never fear,
Will soon its graceful neck uncover;
Adjust the knot beneath its ear,
Then—'tchk! a jerk—and all is over!"
"We shan't wait long; a Tory fit
Turpissimus, you know, repents:
'Tis rope he wants, and lots of it,
You've only got to give him plenty."
Now since it cannot be denied
He's had a pretty coil to handle,
His long delay of suicide
Nears the proportions of a scandal.
The rascal, if I guess his drift,
The part you cast him for refuses,
And means to turn your hempen gift
To quite un contemplated uses.
The rope is there, yet does not tend
To the advancement of the story;
We see—and feel—its knotted end,
But where, O where's the dangling Tory?

REVIEWS.

THE RESCUE OF GREELY.*

WE are very glad that Lieutenant Greely was rescued, but we do not eagerly desire to read very many more books on the subject. Dr. Johnson never wished to hear of the second Punic war again as long as he lived, nor do we wish to hear of Lieutenant Greely. A considerable number of volumes have already been devoted to a topic of which publishers and authors, perhaps, never grow tired, but which the public, possibly, finds a little monotonous. However, this last statement of the Greely affair has a kind of charm, because it proves that the practical Americans can be nearly as casual and incompetent managers of their own affairs as even the Government which happily controlled the destinies of this Empire. Lieutenant Greely was, in a sense, the American Gordon. He was a gallant officer cut off from the world by weather, not by the Mahdi, and beleaguered by frost in the Arctic circle. What was Lieutenant Greely doing

* *The Rescue of Greely.* By Commander W. Schley and Professor J. R. Soley. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1885.

there? We have two accounts, one official and scientific, the other personal in its source and sportsmanlike in character. According to the Navy Department of the United States, Lieutenant Greely and his men were at Fort Conger, in Lady Franklin Sound, "engaged in obtaining meteorological data for the use of the U.S. Signal Service." We know not whether Lieutenant Greely secured many data, nor whether they have been of practical use. But he himself, when rescued in almost the last state of cold, hunger, and exhaustion, gave a very different account of his mission. "Did what I came to do, beat the best record," said this plucky leader in his voice broken by weakness. Precisely, he came to beat the best record much more than to collect meteorological data. The object was sportsmanlike, and, to tell the truth, beating the record, rather than the sacred interests of science, is the aim of all Polar expeditions, except those which start to relieve the men by whom the record has been beaten.

Relief expeditions were sent for Lieutenant Greely. That led by Commander Schley came just in time, not in time by more days than that led by Sir Charles Wilson came too late. But there had been other expeditions, failures, of the oddest and most unexpected character. It is not easy to imagine out of Laputa people who will send a private in the army to command an Arctic expedition. Yet Mr. Beebe, who was at the head of one relieving force (which came to little good), was a private in the regular service of his country. Probably he was well fitted in every respect for his post; but not in old Europe would Tommy Atkins have been set over a ship and crew voyaging to the North Pole or thereabouts. Lieutenant Greely himself, by the way, is a cavalry officer, and most of his men were soldiers. Poor Mr. Beebe, risen from the ranks to the quarter-deck, "seems to have had some apprehension of the embarrassments that would arise from his situation, as a private, in charge of an expedition that included a sergeant." Since the Hunting of the Snark, or of the Twrch Trwyth, a more queerly composed company (to the European and conventional mind) has rarely been assembled. Mr. Beebe suggested (and we do not wonder at it) that he would like to be made a lieutenant; but the authorities would not attend to his petition. Mr. Beebe's party "cached" a good deal of pemmican and other supplies, in what they thought appropriate places, and then they came home. In 1883 the *Proteus* was sent out on a fresh quest. The Secretary of War now hinted that a naval person (say a purser, or a midshipmite, or a boatswain) was the best to command a relief party on the high (and we may add dry) seas. "It seems that it would be much more desirable to endeavour to procure from the navy the persons who are needed for this relief party." General Hazen replied in language not entirely original, that "to change the full control of this duty now would be swopping horses while crossing the stream." The wit of one is indeed the wisdom, all they have thereof, of the many. Consequently, and in accordance with General Hazen's plan, another young Plunger was selected to go cruising after Lieutenant Greely. This was Lieutenant Ernest A. Garlington, of the 7th Cavalry. Now our Hussars can go almost anywhere and do almost anything, but it would never have occurred to us to send them after Mr. Leigh Smith. There was some slight confusion in the equipment of the *Proteus*, the vessel placed under Lieutenant Garlington when he joined his vessel. "No one knew where the different articles were. To get at the meteorological instruments a large part of the stores had to be broken out. The guns that had been shipped could never be found, so that, except for three rifles, a shot-gun, and two pistols which different members of the party carried with them, the expedition was without fire-arms." Oh, Anglo-Saxon race, how little art thou changed by change of scene and sky! At Balaclava, at the North Pole, on the banks of the Nile, it is always all the same. English or American, no one ever "knows where the different articles are." Our own dear Admiralty and War Office combined, and exerting their utmost stupidity, could scarcely beat the record of the provisioning of the *Proteus*. The War Department in an official letter informed poor Lieutenant Garlington of "the importance of reaching Lieutenant Greely, as his supplies will be exhausted during the coming fall." Then a lovely muddle was made as to Lieutenant Garlington's orders. A memorandum "was drawn up by Lieutenant Caziare, of the Signal Office, upon his own views of the necessities of the case, at the order of the Acting-Chief Signal Officer, during the absence of General Hazen at St. John's. . . . A copy of the memorandum was sent to the Navy Department, by whom or through whom could never be ascertained, but not through the regular official channels. Here it was seen at one time" (like the lost plays of Menander) by an officer in the Department, the copy being headed "Memoranda" or "instructions for naval tender"; but it subsequently disappeared, and could not be traced. An unsigned copy was also, through misunderstanding or inadvertence, put in the envelope containing Garlington's instructions. The Chief Signal Officer, however, decided that it was "no part of his orders," and the consequences were "momentous."

However, orders or no orders, arms or no arms, Lieutenant Garlington started somehow, "boots, and spurs, and a'." But he never reached Fort Conger or relieved Greely. The *Proteus* was nipped and crushed in the ice, and the patriotic crew "spent their time in plundering the property of the expedition. The Captain could not prevent it; and, when it came to a question of force between the relief party and the sailors, the latter had in many ways the advantage." Well may our authors remark, "It was a cruel

situation in which this young officer of cavalry was placed, taken from his station in Dakota after six years' service with his regiment, and suddenly finding himself in a sinking ship in the middle of the Kane sea, with the whole responsibility of a most important expedition on his shoulders." Lieutenant Garlington was obliged (September 13, 1883) to report "total failure of the expedition," and "no stores landed before sinking of ship." Then, of course, as the expedition had done nothing or next to nothing to add to Greely's stores, "there was a general outburst of indignation." Clearly Greely had left his supplies, was on his way south, expected to find a depot and meet a relief party at Littleton Island, and would be miserably disappointed. He would reach the island with little food, and would be unable to retrace his steps. He would "find that the Government had not carried out its pledge, and that he and his command were doomed to starvation and death." Lieutenant Garlington (as far as we can see) was in no respect to blame; the blame lies on the person or persons who made the extraordinary confusion of orders and memoranda described already. In short, as a Commission of Inquiry observed, "from July 1882 to August 1883 no less than 50,000 rations were taken up to or beyond Littleton Island, and of that number only about 1,000 were left in that vicinity, the remainder being returned to the United States or sunk in the *Proteus*." On a very small scale, the whole affair resembles Mr. Gladstone's successes in the Soudan, and the judicious conception and masterly execution of the Suakim-Berber Railway.

Another expedition was necessary. Some authorities clung to appointing more cavalymen. Others held that "the expedition should be exclusively naval." By a remarkable freak of fortune the latter view at last prevailed, to which circumstance we venture to think that Lieutenant Greely and his companions owe their lives. "The work of the relief expedition of 1884—and, for that matter, of all the relief expeditions—was as purely nautical as any work that ever was entrusted to a seaman." So our authors say, and so English readers will think. We should as soon think of sending the Salvation Army as cavalry officers on a voyage to the North Pole. Indeed, the disappearance of the gallant Hallelujah officers in that direction would cause lively pleasure, but no hope of a satisfactory result in the way of rescuing any one.

The new expedition started, our own vessel, the *Alert*, being presented to the United States for the purposes of the quest. Commander Schley, one of the authors of the volume we are reviewing, was in command. With a sailor in command, the expedition just succeeded. A touching picture of the dreadful extremities of famine and frost is given in the concluding chapters. The minds of the men who were "dying like men," as Lieutenant Greely said, were affected, at least were weakened, by their unparalleled sufferings. Weak as they were, they were found tending their sick with affectionate care. "There was no food left in the tent but two or three cans of a thin, repulsive-looking jelly, made by boiling strips cut from the seal-skin clothing. The bottle on the tent-pole still held a few teaspoonfuls of brandy, but it was their last, and they were sharing it as Colwell entered."

Just in time—nothing could have been a nearer risk. Still Commander Schley was in time, and we, who were always too late, may be excused for thinking of his success with a kind of envy. He triumphed over official idiocy, as well as over circumstances; our great Relief Expedition of the South was not so fortunate.

FOUR NOVELS.*

THE so-called Autobiography of Christopher Kirkland consists of three parts rather loosely woven together. Two of them might be respectively classified as the personal recollections and promiscuous reflections of Mrs. Lynn Linton, while the third, which crops up now and again throughout the three volumes, is the fictitious autobiography of Christopher Kirkland. Of this last, considered by itself, it must be owned that it is neither exciting nor edifying. Christopher Kirkland is a thoughtful oaf who, beginning as an intelligent sceptic, develops into a bold atheist, and then wanders through a life of failure, plunging from one degrading superstition into another, and ringing the changes upon Unitarianism, Necessitarianism, Humanitarianism, Spiritualism, Altruism, Mind-Stuffery, and Cosmic Emotion in a sufficiently depressing manner. He falls in love five or six times, first with somebody else's incomparably virtuous wife. She looks into his eyes, and discovers that their souls are old friends—"You are mine in spirit now and for ever." Subsequently she hugs him in a garden, and gives him a kiss as "the seal of our eternal oneness." He concurs in these sentiments at the time, but his next love but one is the most ardent that any one ever had; and, in spite of being No. 1's in spirit for ever, he would have married No. 3 if she had not been a Roman Catholic and he a Mind-Stuffer. He does marry No. 4, for whom he cares the least of the lot; but she is even more mentally depraved than he, and leaves him in order to act as an apostle in the abolition of sex. This pre-

* The Autobiography of Christopher Kirkland. By E. Lynn Linton. London: Bentley & Son. 1885.

The Sacred Nugget. A Novel. By B. L. Farjeon. London: Ward & Downey. 1885.

Love: the Reward. A Novel. By Philip May. London: Remington & Co. 1885.

Curly: an Actor's Story. Related by John Coleman. With Illustrations by J. C. Dollman. London: Chatto & Windus. 1885.

vents him from marrying No. 6, who is to him "the type of the Ideal Woman," and "was 'semper virent' because she was strong, hopeful, and unselfish." Christopher Kirkland was a literary man of moderate distinction. This is not to be wondered at, for he translates "*vixerunt*—they had lived."

As to the philosophy, which purports to bear the final stamp of the author's approval, it is for the most part painfully familiar, and seems considerably out of place in a book got up as a novel. There are a good many incidental expressions of opinion on subjects of importance, as, for instance, that marriages ought to be made with less regard to personal affection and more regard to pecuniary convenience than is commonly the case in England; that divorce by mutual consent ought to be allowed on the ground of "incompatibility"; that the doctrine of evolution is proved to be true, and that all the doctrines of Christianity are proved to be false. The following passages, put into the mouth of Mr. Kirkland, conveniently summarize several chapters of disquisitions which bear a faint resemblance to what might remain of *Sartor Resartus* if the poetic element could be excised:—

I see no more difficulty in educating men up to the highest possible moral point, without the incentive of religious hope or dread, than there has been in educating them to be honourable, chivalrous, refined gentlemen, independent of the religious idea. A man does not forbear to peep through the keyhole, read an open letter, pocket a forgotten sum of money, or do any other purely dishonourable action, for fear of God or the devil, but because of that self-respect which is the root-work of all honourable thought. This sentiment carried further comes to Altruism; and altruism is the basis of all the higher morality, and is cultivable without reference to personal gain. We must all confess that religion, minus moral and intellectual education, does but little for the world.

As the existing "root-work" of self respect, and all the moral and intellectual education with which we are acquainted, are the immediate product of several centuries, during which all the people who have had most influence in the world have themselves been profoundly influenced by their religion, this sort of speculation will not much help the aggressive atheist, even if we grant the somewhat fantastic postulates that there exist any "honourable, chivalrous, refined gentlemen, independent of the religious idea," or that "altruism is the basis of all the higher morality." The morality that exists in the world is the morality which religion has fashioned, and the fashioning of which has been the very purpose of its existence, and, although the kind of thing quoted above has been written and said often enough by a great variety of more or less addle-headed people, the endeavour to treat the two as separable and independent can never lead to anything except confusion and error. It remains to notice the personal recollections of Mrs. Lynn Linton. There are a good many of them scattered about in the form of anecdotes of real people, mentioned, for the most part, though not always, by their real names. The greater part of them read like padding prepared for newspapers of a certain class, except that they are less amusing, inasmuch as they are not about people who are very well known at the present time. It is to be regretted that in several instances the author should apparently have gratified her dislike of persons long dead by describing occurrences not now remembered by any except the few to whom the description will give pain.

The Sacred Nugget is a romance of the same class as *Great Porter Square*—that is to say, Mr. Farjeon has constructed a not altogether uninteresting plot, and developed a great part of it in the words of somebody whose English leaves a great deal to be desired. This device has the advantage that it precludes the critic from making disagreeable observations on such topics as style and grammar. The title of his present work makes it clear that the scene of it is laid either in Australia or California, and the first page informs us that of the two Australia has been chosen. The plot is of the simplest character. A boorish old man with a noble heart makes an enormous fortune at the gold-diggings. Among other spoils, he lights upon a large cruciform nugget worth 1,000*l.*, which gives it name to the story. It then occurs to him that he would like his daughter Peggy, whom he left in England eighteen years before, when she was a baby, to come out and live with him. He does not know where she is or anything about her but her name, so he sends a casual person to look for her, with *carte blanche* as to expense. Naturally an impostor is readily forthcoming. But what is not natural is that the real Peggy comes on the scene by pure chance at the same time as the false one. To match this wonder, the digger happens to make friends at Melbourne, before the arrival of the heroine and anti-heroine, with a young man of high moral character, who happens to be the son of the person with whom the digger's early and mysterious experiences in England were chiefly concerned. The impostor enlists the villain in her service, and the good young man enlists himself in the heroine's. The story treats of the struggle between them, which ends in the usual way. The villain pretends he is an Italian count. He is certainly not a count, and there is some reason to doubt whether he is even an Italian, for he seeks to prove his nationality by calling the supposed Peggy "Marguerita." There is also a sub-villain rejoicing in the pleasant nickname of "Spotty," of whose personal appearance several nasty descriptions are given with manifest relish. Several of the incidents are described with a good deal of vivacity, and the false Peggy is quite an entertaining young person. Here and there are some conversational gems. For instance, a reformed drunkard who renders modest service as a detective in the cause of virtue, addresses the villain in the course of casual conversation in the following words:—"Rot! In comparison with me you are fish-blooded, while I am carried away by a hellish passion of

which the lowest animal might be ashamed. Can you explain the anomaly?" The climax of this sentence is ingenious.

It is a fact of which no sufficient explanation has ever been given that all novels about Russia are more or less dull. Probably one thing which contributes to make them so is the fact that the characters have so many names that it takes a long time to get their individualities settled in one's mind. A person who recurs in *Love: the Reward* under many aliases is called Ivan Ivanovitch Alexandroff, and is mentioned in a single page successively as "Ivan Alexandroff," "Alexandroff," and "Ivan Ivanovitch." When we add to this that his young woman occasionally addresses him as Vanoushka, the difficulty for English readers is sufficiently indicated. Then there is the hideously frequent recurrence of "As our Russian proverb says," "As the Slav proverb says," or "Remember the adage," each adage and proverb being something stupider than the one before. These are probably among the causes which make novels about Russia dull, and they are present in *Love: the Reward* in a degree not often paralleled. As to the story, it is written with the object of showing that Nihilists are not so black as they are painted. This is done by making persons intended to be representative Nihilists express in slipshod English, and with superhuman dullness, the very most abject nonsense upon all sorts of subjects that ever was put into a silly book. The political sentiments can be guessed by anybody—they are summed up in the opinion frequently expressed that "the past" was everything that it ought not to have been, and that every trace of it must therefore be "swept away." A similarly wholesale ground is taken in social questions, while the breadth of Mr. (is it Mr.?) A page or two, really not reproducible here, and the general treatment of the relations of the sexes, make it doubtful) May's literary views is apparent from his mention of "Victor Hugo, admiration for whom is scarcely compatible with any feelings of respect for the perpetrator of the *comp d'état*." As for religion—"How different, indeed, this history might have been without Christianity! What wars, what battles, what massacres might have been avoided! If there had only been some excellent system of philosophy instead, we might have had the world united in one vast republic, with one language [!] and one code of laws." The "land laws" exercise the author a good deal, and he dislikes war. In this connexion he makes a Nihilist relate a fable. In the fable occurs this passage:—"Then the imps suggested that the people had not enough lands of their own, and that they should seize upon those of their neighbours. Thus wars commenced." We should be sorry to call Mr. May an imp; but the choice of language is his own. Mr. May's universal specific for all ills is education. He uses this comfortable word many hundred times, and says it is a "universal panacea." The rubbish he has written is not likely to do any harm to any one but himself, because his book is hopelessly uninteresting.

It would be cruel to criticize *Curly: an Actor's Story*. Who would be disagreeable about a dramatic entertainment advertised as to be given by writers of newspaper articles? Therefore, let it be recorded of *Curly* that it is a tale of a romantic nature, that it has to do with actors, that it is nicely got up, and that some of Mr. Dollman's illustrations are better than others.

THE ALDINE COLERIDGE.*

THE main distinctive feature of this edition is a new arrangement of Coleridge's poems. A praiseworthy attempt has been made to grapple with the spirit of confusion which the poet delighted to let loose in the garden of his writings, and to arrange the verses on a chronological system. *Christabel* has been torn from *Kubla Khan* and *The Pains of Sleep*, and has been made to precede *Sibylline Leaves*, from which *The Ancient Mariner* has also been separated. There are various other changes, but these are the most important, and if we may judge by our own loss of temper in the search for the poems specified, we imagine that the alteration will be found inconvenient by most indolent readers accustomed to the old lax order of the poems. We do not, of course, mean to infer that this momentary inconvenience is sufficient to form an objection to a new arrangement, but it is enough to make us realize the weight of custom in the matter.

The modern practice of editing the entire works of a poet, and preserving every scrap of his writing, is seen in its baldest and least attractive form in the case of Coleridge. It is many years since the last of his really poetical pieces saw the light, and still from holes and corners fragments of his worst work continue to be produced. Mr. Ashe prints, as far as we can make out, four new poems in this edition. One of these, called "The Humour of Pallas," is a piece of doggerel, satirizing the poet's godmother, who, we are really almost glad to be told on his authority, although we do not the least believe it, struck his name in consequence out of her will. The second, called "The Tears of a Grateful People," is a dirge in memory of George III. There is absolutely no evidence that this performance, which sprawls over twenty stanzas of this calibre:—

Britannia, Sister! woe is me!
Full fain would I console thy woe:
But ah! how should I comfort thee
Who need the balm I would bestow?—

* *The Poetical Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by T. Ashe. 2 vols. London: Bell & Sons. 1885.

must be laid at Coleridge's door. The lines written to Miss Barbour are merely album-verses, and are, as such, not deserving of blame. But, fourthly, Mr. Ashe is responsible for redeeming from a wholesome oblivion a long poem to Horne Tooke, written in June 1796, just as Coleridge was about to wake up to his brief period of splendour. The diction of this address is curiously stilted:—

By violated Freedom's loud lament,
Her lamps extinguish'd and her temple rent;
By the forced tears her captive martyrs shed;
By each frail orphan's feeble cry for bread;
By ravaged Belgium's corpse-impeded flood,
And Vendée streaming still with brothers' blood.

It was the publication of Darwin's *Loves of the Plants* which had made it possible for every smart young man during the last decade of the eighteenth century to write in this gaudy style. Meanwhile, who could suppose that a month or two later the same voice would suddenly break out singing

Not yet enslaved, not wholly vile,
O Albion! O my Mother Isle!
Thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,
Glitter green with sunny showers;
Thy grassy upland's gentle swells
Echo to the bleat of flocks;
(Those grassy hills! Those glittering dells
Proudly ramparted with rocks!)
And Ocean mid his uproar wild
Speaks safety to his island-child!

or that its magic would be sustained at this pitch until English literature had been endowed with *France, The Ancient Mariner, Kubla Khan, Christabel*, and two or three other little masterpieces, and then would sink far lower than *The Loves of the Plants*.

It has been very generally observed that the decline of Coleridge's poetical powers came about almost abruptly in 1802. The pathetic ode called *Dejection* is at the same time the last of his noble series of successes and a conscious dirge over the extinction of his powers. If Coleridge had died in the summer of 1802, at the age of thirty, we should regard him as one of the "inheritors of unfulfilled renown"; and this thought may be allowed to temper our regret in cases like those of Marlowe or Keats or Novalis. But while this definite limit to Coleridge's early period of production has been clearly observed, we do not think that the interesting phenomena of the partial return of his genius in later life has been noted so generally. It may therefore be interesting to glance through Coleridge's later poetic work and see what there is in it which is genuine literature. *The Pains of Sleep* and *"The Happy Husband,"* written in 1803, are simply the last vibrations of the old music. *"An Ode to the Rain,"* as Mr. Ashe ingeniously proves, has hitherto been misdated 1809, and belongs to 1802. There is no other equally excellent poem until we reach the tragedy of *Zapolya*, written in 1815, and no real return of the singing genius until the period 1827-1830, which saw the creation of at least four of his most valuable and characteristic poems. "All Nature seems at Work," the beauty and perfection of which Mr. Swinburne was the first to point out, dates from February 1827. "Youth and Age," after much irresolution, took its present exquisite and final shape in 1828. "The Garden of Boccaccio," the longest of Coleridge's later flights, is dated 1829, and "Love, Hope, and Patience" belongs to 1830. It would seem as though the tranquil associations of his last years, and even, we would venture to suggest, the stimulus given to him by the enthusiastic friendship of Ludwig Tieck, operated upon his poetry with the magic of a new birth. The "smothering weight" of which he had complained in 1802 was removed "from off his breast" in 1827, and, after having lost for a quarter of a century his "shaping spirit of Imagination," it returned to him in old age, too late for sustained and lengthy work, but not too late to enrich our literature with the four lovely poems we have mentioned. One fragment we give ourselves the pleasure of quoting here:—

On stern Blencartha's perilous height
The winds are tyrannous and strong;
And flashing forth unsteady light
From stern Blencartha's skiey height
As loud the torrents throng!
Beneath the moon, in gentle weather,
They bind the earth and sky together;
But oh! the sky and all its forms how quiet!
The things that seek the earth, how full of noise and riot!

The biographical section of the new edition remains to be considered. Mr. Ashe has taken a great deal of pains with his material, but we cannot say that the result is satisfactory. His tone is harsh and inelegant, and Coleridge is a personality which must be approached with suavity to be appreciated. Mr. Ashe begins with an uncompromising sentence:—"Coleridge has been dead now this fifty years, and his life is still unwritten." We suppose this is the sort of disapproval at Mr. Traill, whose *Life* is nowhere mentioned by Mr. Ashe. We had ourselves a few faults to find with Mr. Traill's study of Coleridge; but certainly it ill becomes Mr. Ashe to adopt this contemptuous attitude. Mr. Ashe's sins against taste are frequent. He falls into the peculiarly irritating trick of sneering at the respectable and kindly people to whom Coleridge's eccentricities were a stumbling-block, and in particular at Josiah Cottle, who was one of the best of men. His *Reminiscences* is a book, to our mind, of no ordinary quality. This, however, is a matter of taste, and here opinions may differ. But we do not see how there can be any divergence on the question of Cottle's disinterested and tender affection for Coleridge. It

breathes from every page, it inspires what he writes when he is most pedantic and crotchety. But Mr. Ashe does not admit its presence, and after quoting the really charming letter in which Cottle (April 25, 1814) frankly and boldly warns Coleridge against the effect which the laudanum was having upon his physical and moral health, in the face of Coleridge's pathetic reply, Mr. Ashe falls thus a-babbling:—

Try to realize! Coleridge to be addressed by Cottle in such a way! Cottle, whom he had always treated rather familiarly, as a commonplace, if extremely useful, person; as a sort of valet of genius!

We refuse to realize anything so derogatory to Coleridge himself. Weak as he was, he was not vulgar, and the meanness of regarding the generous friend to whose kindness he owed so much as "a valet of genius" was left for his latest biographer to conceive. Mr. Ashe, however, we are fain to believe, scarcely knows the effect of his own words. His style has almost every fault irritating in a biographer. He overloads the main thread of his history with detail; he sacrifices everything to minute and tiresome accuracy, stopping us at one time to convince us, with a long tedious argument, that the baby Berkeley Coleridge, who died in infancy, was born on the 14th, and not, as has been always hitherto supposed, on the 10th of May, 1793. Worse than this, he is fond of proceeding in the present tense, and of breaking out with interrogations such as "Did Coleridge go down to Christchurch?" and "Who, before ourselves, discovered this?"—questions which the reader resents being asked in this abrupt manner. When we have added that Mr. Ashe also indulges in apostrophe, and is constantly crying out "My establishment!" and "As if it were not, indeed!" and "How like him!" we have perhaps said enough to show that Coleridge's latest biographer cannot boast the most felicitous of prose styles. It is, indeed, very unfortunate that the *Life* is so difficult to read with enjoyment, for it is written with care, with reference to a very wide range of material, and with a scrupulous attention to accuracy. It will be "good to steal from," but will not form, in any sense, the ideal *Life* of Coleridge.

BOOKS ABOUT THE DAIRY.*

MANY well-educated people know next to nothing about the manufacture of cheese, and very little about that of butter; but they need no longer be ignorant on either subject, as the two books under notice will supply them with all the information that can well be learned by reading about the dairy. The big book is well worth reading, both to those who keep cows and to those who consume their produce; but readers who master the contents of even the little book will know a great deal about the matter. Both works are equally readable; and, as the smaller is a sort of condensation of the larger, this is much to say in its favour, for concentrated literature is usually of the driest description.

Mr. James Long starts with the theory that, "although both corn and beef are often, very often, grown at a loss, yet milk, cheese, and butter almost always fetch remunerative prices"; and he seems to think that dairy-farming is the key to profitable agriculture. In comparing the number of cows kept in Great Britain and Ireland with those of other countries, he finds that we have only 1 cow to 12 cultivated acres, whereas in Germany there is 1 to 7, in Sweden 1 to 6, in Belgium 1 to 7 or 8, in Holland 1 to 5, and in Norway 1 to 4, while even in "France, the land of the vine," the proportion of cows to cultivated acres is about equal to our own. Little as dairy-farming, according to the author, has been developed in this country, it has been calculated that our annual production of milk is worth forty-seven millions sterling; yet we import about as much butter as we produce and four-fifths as much cheese. It is unsatisfactory to reflect that of the milk consumed throughout the country, 22 per cent. is adulterated, and that little more can be said for the butter. In a Report of the Local Government Board, it is stated that Londoners alone pay "between 70,000*l.* and 80,000*l.* a year for water sold under the name of milk." Yet the percentage of adulteration is said to be higher in Salford than in London. At the same time it will be a comfort to many to know that their milk is adulterated with water, and, as a rule, water only. While on the subject of the poverty of the milk sold in towns, we may observe that it is as often owing to the quality of the food given to the cows as to the use of the pump. Grains and distillery wash are largely used by dairymen who supply towns and cities, for it is well known that such food makes cows produce a very great quantity of milk, and of a proportionately poor consistency. Adulterated butter must on no account be confounded with the substance known as butterine. That food is manufactured in various countries both in Europe and America, but the greater part of that which is used in England comes from Holland. Butterines and Margarines consist of the refined fat of beef mixed with skim milk, the former, when prepared for use, being known under the name of oleo. It is the fine internal fat of the steer, and after being washed, ground, and thoroughly melted in large cauldrons, it is wrapped in clean white cloths and placed in a press, where a hydraulic force of many tons is brought to bear upon it, when a yellow oil, much like olive oil in appearance and consistency, exudes and runs off into tanks of hot water. This oil is still further refined and

* *British Dairy Farming.* By James Long. London: Chapman & Hall. 1885.

The Dairy of the Farm. By James Long and J. C. Mortoh. London: Bradbury & Co. 1885.

purified, and finally it is allowed to "solidify, when it is packed in casks and stored." At one large manufactory in the Netherlands as much as 50 tons of this oleo are used weekly to 12,000 gallons of milk. In this particular case the butterine is improved by the addition of twelve tons of real butter, which give a "grain" to the artificial production.

An industry which has increased greatly of late is that of condensing milk. To reduce milk to about one-sixth of its bulk, and to put it in a condition in which it will keep for a length of time, is a work of considerable utility. The main principle is to heat it until the greater part of the water has evaporated, and to mix it with sugar, "not for the purpose of sweetening, but for preserving it." The Anglo-Swiss Company alone employs 800 workmen; five years ago it condensed the milk of 14,000 cows, "and last year the sale of milk was about 25 millions of tins, which, placed in a single row, would reach 1,300 miles." There is a large milk-condensing factory near Milan, where no sugar is added to the condensed milk, and it is stated that "in the winter of 1881 8,000 quarts were sent to London daily" from this factory, "and, after being restored to their original bulk, sold at the same price as fresh English milk." The Aylesbury Condensed Milk Company "purchases 4,000 gallons daily from above 80 farmers." The curious preparation of preserved milk called Koumiss is becoming familiar through the efforts of the Aylesbury Dairy Company. Although originally made of mare's milk only, it is now often made from the milk of cows. A small quantity of a preparation, usually consisting of yeast, honey, alcohol, and a little flour, is added to warm milk or milk and water. The whole is stirred, both to aerate it and to prevent it from turning acid; a faint odour announces the establishment of fermentation, and at the proper time it is poured into bottles, like those used for champagne, which are then corked and wired. On the value of koumiss in certain cases of illness it is needless that we should enlarge. As to its taste, opinions vary.

Besides establishments for the manufacture of condensed milk and koumiss, there are many large general milk factories, where milk is purchased from farmers, made into butter and cheese, and sold for the purpose of supplying towns. A factory of this kind in Northern Germany cost about 10,000*l.* There is also a very large one in Berlin, where 30,000 litres of milk are received every day. A milk factory in Scotland is, or was, using the milk of 1,000 cows, and has "appliances sufficient to work three times that quantity." In Switzerland there is a factory that uses the milk of 6,000 cows, many of which cost 40*l.* a-piece. It is said, too, that at an English factory the milk of between five and six thousand shorthorns has been used daily. The Duke of Westminster has a factory at Aldford, near Chester, with which Mr. Long was much pleased; and Lord FitzHardinge lets a factory, which cost about 4,000*l.*, to the Berkeley Vale Shorthorn Dairy Company.

Many people suppose that new milk is always poured into shallow tins for the purpose of allowing the cream to form at the top; but there is also a practice of what is termed "deep-setting" and, according to one system, the cans for this purpose are only 34 in. in diameter, and 20 in. deep. Instead of being left open, air-tight lids are placed on them, and the whole cans are immersed in running or iced water. The Aylesbury Dairy Company makes use of a system of deep-setting not unlike that described. But the practice of setting milk and skimming for cream has been considerably reduced by the introduction of machines called cream-separators. These machines enable "a manufacturer to utilize his cream while it is yet warm, and to send his butter and skim-milk into the market in its freshest and sweetest state. By its aid there need be no more sour milk; while the skim may be offered to the poorer classes instead of to the pigs, as it too often is." One of the simplest of these machines is the *Danish*, which is worked by centrifugal force, and separates 100 gallons of milk, or more, in an hour. It revolves 2,000 times in a minute. The *Laval* is another celebrated separator. As the vessel containing the milk revolves 5,000 times in a minute, "the lighter contents are gathered into the centre, and the heavier to the outside—the light cream, in fact, being separated from the heavier milk; and as fresh milk enters, the skimmed milk is forced into a tube, whence, having by this means reached a chamber, it escapes by a pipe. In a similar way the cream, as it is augmented by the process, is forced by the fresh milk into another tube, and, reaching another chamber, also escapes." It is calculated that the surface speed of the interior of the drum of this machine, where the cream is separated from the milk, is 15,000 ft. per minute. The author says that "the number of those who know that butter is made from cream bears an unfavourable comparison to the whole of the community." In the larger of the books before us there are not only descriptions of different kinds of churns, but pictures of them also. In the smaller work there are admirable maxims on butter-making, by Mr. Jenkins, the Secretary to the Royal Agricultural Society. But the chapter on butter-making in the large book is not long, and we should advise all cow-keepers to ask their dairymaids to read it.

A large portion of each of these books is devoted to the subject of cheese-making. Of the two famous English cheeses, Cheddar and Cheshire, we are told that the former contains most fat and the latter most sugar. The flavour and aroma of cheese are owing to the development of lactic acid during the manipulation of the curd. The varieties of cheeses are caused chiefly by the differences of temperature of the milk when the rennet is added, the preparation and proportion of the rennet, and the treatment of the curd. The descriptions of Stilton are somewhat contradictory. According to one receipt, eight gallons of new milk should be

added to one gallon of cream, and yet, a couple of pages further on, it is stated that Stilton cheese is made from new milk, "but without the addition of extra cream, as some people seem to think." In the smaller work, again, it is said that the great richness of Stilton cheeses is owing to the mixture of pure cream with the new milk, in some cases to the extent of the cream taken off three gallons of milk added to nine gallons of new milk. Stilton, by the way, is a difficult cheese to make, on account of its tendency to breed maggots during the process of ripening. Those interested in cheese mites will find much to their taste in the larger work. There is a picture of one of these little creatures, subjected to a magnifying power of 175, which it would be well to forget when eating cheese. It appears to be something between a flea, a bug, and a cockchafer, and it is altogether a most forbidding-looking insect. There is also a greatly magnified and alarming illustration of the *Penicillium glaucum*, "fungoid in its nature," which is found in Roquefort and Gorgonzola cheeses. Then we have a picture of the red cheese-fungus, *Oidium aurantiacum*. Some of these interesting vegetations are raised by making bread of wheat, barley flour, and vinegar, allowing it to get mouldy, and sprinkling a few of the mouldiest crumbs in the curd that is to become cheese. In the apartments in which Roquefort and Gorgonzola are made "the phenomenon"—i.e. the fungus—is introduced as far as possible. Continental cheeses are generally either soft, such as Neufchâtel, salt-soft, such as Brie and Camembert, firm, such as Roquefort, or hard-pressed, such as Gruyère and Parmesan. Roquefort is a sheep's-milk cheese, and its manufacture is both difficult and complicated. Camemberts are dried for three weeks or a month in a carefully-constructed room with a peculiar system of ventilation. They are then ripened for about the same length of time in a curing-cellar, called a *cave de perfection*, where they are watched and treated with the greatest care. The formation of the white mould and the development of the red spots on their surfaces are observed with great anxiety, and every little cheese is turned or left according to circumstances. The manufacture of Gorgonzolas is singular. A curd is made in the morning and another is made in the evening, and at each making a layer of the cold curd is laid between two layers of the warm curd, and, as cold and warm curds will never thoroughly unite, minute interstices remain in the cheese, in which, while it is maturing, the green mould forms. Parmesan is made in rather a primitive manner, and a little saffron is mixed with the curd, which is stirred with an instrument called a *rotella*. The very popular Gruyère is made of cow's milk, but it is not a "wholly fat" cheese. The evening milk is skimmed on the following morning and mixed with that morning's milk. The rennet used is rather weak. Careful pressing is of the utmost importance in making cheeses of this type.

With regard to the breed of cow most suited for dairy farms, Mr. James Long is most in favour of shorthorns and Ayrshires. The former should not be "pedigree animals, bred for the show-ring and the butcher, but milkers (shall we call them?) of short-horn type; such animals as will feed for the butcher with very little trouble, and make more when fat and out of the dairy than when in full milk." He recommends a dairy farmer to buy good stock at starting, and to be prepared to give from 25*l.* to 28*l.* if he buys shorthorns, and from 18*l.* to 24*l.* if he buys Ayrshires, and he lays great stress upon the extreme importance of purchasing a bull of a good *milking* strain. Moreover, uniformity is a great point in a herd of cows, for, if they vary much, their milk will vary also, both in quality and quantity, and no system can then be fairly carried out.

Although they go over much the same ground, each of these books has its own special virtues. One is a valuable treatise, the other is a useful and readable handbook, and we can recommend them both without the slightest hesitation.

KAIRWAN THE HOLY.*

MR. BODDY, unlike a majority of the people who write narratives of travel, "has a statement to make." He has something interesting to tell us; but whether the reader finds that this something is not too dearly purchased by having to wade through the commonplace remarks, the long chapters on familiar scenes such as "Old Gib." and Valetta, a large collection of small jokes, and a good deal of inaccuracy, especially in Arabic, is a question. Mr. Boddy stumbles on the threshold. He begins his preface with a story about "Muhammed," as he calls the prophet, ending with "he greeteth thee, O Gentle and Respected Reader . . . with the peaceable benison 'Salaam Alicam.'" As Mr. Boddy is constantly using and translating Arab words and phrases throughout his work, a slip like this, where the second person plural is made to agree with the second person singular, rather shakes one's confidence in his knowledge, especially as the same error is repeated at p. 64. Similar errors of a slighter kind are to be found throughout the volume, and if it ever reaches a second edition, we should recommend Mr. Boddy to consult a professor of Arabic as to such words as Gib-al-Tar, Marabout, Allah-ach-Kebar, Bab-el-Yahoodi, dzriba, and many more. He has no regular system of transliterating Arabic, and in one place writes Souk, and in another Mahhboob, the diphthong being the same in both in the original. Other inconsistencies may be noted. Thus on p. 51 Mr. Boddy tells us that his "infidel person weighed fifty-

* To *Kairwan the Holy*. By Alexander A. Boddy. London: Egan Paul, Trencle, & Co. 1885.

seven oaks," and on p. 97 that "a splendid ass, whom, after the winged steed of the Prophet, I named Al Borac, bore my twenty-seven oaks."

In spite of such faults, Mr. Boddy's book contains many passages of interest. His accounts of Tripoli, "Taraboles Gharb," and its mosque, the market of esparto grass, the Friday fair, which he misnames "Souk el Djama," an excursion into the desert and a negro village, are episodes on his journey and very good in their way, and it is not till we come to p. 168 that Kairwan is entered. The great mosque Djama, or, more correctly, Gama'l Kebir, is described as wanting in height when its size is taken into consideration. "It is in breadth something over eighty-five yards and in length about forty yards (more than twice as broad as it is long). This great breadth is divided into seventeen aisles by rows of pillars—one central aisle, almost a nave, leading up to the Mihrab, enclosed by two double lines of pillars, sometimes treble, and with eight aisles on either side. The height of the wooden ceiling cannot be more than thirty feet or so." As in many other mosques of superior holiness, there are at Kairwan "two pillars much polished and standing close together," and he who passes "between these two sacred pillars is safe for Paradise, for he thus proves his purity of soul." Mr. Boddy finds the same defect in Kairwan architecture that hundreds of travellers have found at the Alhambra or in Cairo or in India, wherever, in short, the "sleepless arch" of the Arabs is to be seen; "it has been found necessary to strengthen the light Moorish arches by carrying beams of dark wood from capital to capital." At Tripoli Mr. Boddy fell in with the dragoman who accompanied the ill-fated Miss Tinné in most of her wanderings, of which there is an interesting sketch. A considerable space is taken up with the French scheme of flooding the Sahara. "The Sahara is not a level desert plain uninhabited by a living creature. There are mountains and hills to be seen continually. There are oases, some of considerable extent, in which are found towns and villages. There are thousands of inhabitants, some of nomadic race, some living in fixed dwelling-places." The effect, therefore, of letting in the waters of the Mediterranean would be probably to create a series of huge lakes bounded by mountains and connected by channels. Towns, villages, and groves of palms would be destroyed—not that such wholesale loss of life and property would be a very serious consideration in the mind of a French projector, though it might weigh against the scheme if it became a diplomatic question. The cut, if one is ever made, will be at Ghazeb, where the sandy sea of the interior seems to touch the Mediterranean, and where there is a chain of brackish lakes which some have identified with the Palus Tritonis of the ancients. Mr. Boddy's opinion of the camel is not very favourable. "Even camels of tender years carry the disdainful air and the projecting under-lip, ready always to pout, or sneer, or snarl, or grumble, or, worse still, to bite." His descriptions of the people he met and the scenes he saw are very vivid and lively. "Looking down," he says on one occasion, from the roof of a house "into a courtyard, I beheld a gay scene, a picturesque group of Tripolitan *houris*, who were playing and singing, a black slave sitting by. It was really a picture—the bright dresses, the jewellery, the handsome faces and dark eyes. Then came a scream, and a seizing of veils and a covering of faces, a rushing hither and thither, exclamations of horror and anger, as they caught sight of the *Roumi* strolling along the roof." At Tunis Mr. Boddy met Herr Nachtigal, but does not tell us so much about him as we should like to hear. "In the English cemetery at Tunis," he says, "for thirty years have reposed the remains of John Howard Payne, the author of words known wherever the English language is spoken, words which have often caused tears to flow in far distant lands." Colonel Payne died here in 1852, and was buried in the cemetery, but his countrymen removed his remains lately "home to his own land, to be buried among his own people." The tombstone bore a long inscription, ending, "His fame as a poet and dramatist is well known wherever the English language is spoken through his celebrated ballad 'Sweet Home' and his popular tragedy of *Brutus* and other similar productions." It is to be feared that the "popular tragedy of *Brutus*" is already forgotten, but "Home, sweet Home" will live a little longer, we may be sure. Mr. Boddy is fortunate in obtaining Mr. Jacassay's drawings to illustrate his text. There is a full table of contents, and also an excellent index.

THE LAUDERDALE PAPERS.—VOL. II.*

MR. AIRY'S second volume of selected letters from the *Lauderdale Papers* illustrates the history of Lauderdale's government of Scotland, whether in person or by deputy, from 1667 to 1673. In the first-mentioned of these years Lauderdale was engaged, by means of his emissary Sir Robert Moray, in breaking up the ecclesiastical and military cabal which had not only intolerably misgoverned Scotland, but which was threatening Lauderdale's own power and influence. How Archbishop Sharp was alternately bullied and cajoled into betraying his associates, how Lord Rothes, who as Commissioner and Lord Treasurer had control of the sword and the purse, was rendered harmless by being removed to the Chancery where he had no real power, and how a comparatively respectable and conciliatory government

was for a time established by Lauderdale and his friends—all this is sketched out by Mr. Airy in his Preface, which serves as a key to the more detailed but less clear accounts in the letters themselves. The volume brings us down to a sort of turning-point, both in Lauderdale's history and in that of the land which he ruled. The death of his wife, Anne Hume, in 1671, set him free to marry the Countess of Dysart of dubious fame, the lady who was reputed once to have kindled a flame in the breast of Cromwell. To her the editor, like Bishop Burnet and Sir Walter Scott before him, attributes the intensification of everything that was worst in Lauderdale's character. Her malign influence, coinciding with the failure of his conciliatory policy towards the Covenanters, led him to return to the old system of oppression, persecution, and extortion, which was carried so far and so injudiciously as to provoke an organized opposition in the Parliament of 1673. At this point the volume closes:—

We leave Lauderdale in his first flush of angry surprise when after six years of despotic power he suddenly finds himself confronted by the opposition with which he struggled continuously to the end of his career, and against which the personal attachment of Charles and James alone enabled him to make head. We leave him, no longer the "good Maitland," the "gracious youth" of Baillie's affection, bearing on his face, as we see it in a picture by an unknown hand, a frank intelligence and the possibilities of a noble life; but rather such as he had become when there fell upon him the solemn and sorrowful rebuke of his old friend Richard Baxter, such as we see him in Lely's well-known portrait, the type of all that was coarsest and most brutal among the men of Charles's Court.

One of the most important documents in the volume is placed in an Appendix, as coming from another source than the Lauderdale MSS. This is a letter, under the date of London, May 21, 1661, from the Rev. James Sharp, soon to be the Archbishop of St. Andrews, to the Earl of Middleton, then High Commissioner. The original is in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries, and has already been printed, without note or comment, in the *Archæologia Scotica*, 1823. Mr. Airy produces it in triumph as clinching his case against Sharp, of whom he has all along had the worst opinion, though as late as July last year he still had to admit "that, on the charge of deliberate and active treachery, he [Sharp] must for the present go free, from want of evidence." "I little thought," he adds, "... that within a few weeks I should be in a position to close the case." The letter in question has evidently come upon him as a welcome surprise, though it is not a novelty to historians, for Lingard manifestly refers to it (under the date of May 28 instead of May 21), and Burton gives an extract from it; and both cite it as conclusive against Sharp's integrity. A perusal of the whole as printed by Mr. Airy will, we think, show that Burton made a mistake in supposing that his extract described an audience of Sharp by the King. Sharp's grammar is not of the best; but from the context it seems clear that the interview was in reality between Sharp and the Lord Chancellor Clarendon. The letter, we remark, is not so outspoken as Mr. Airy makes it appear in his analysis. Sharp nowhere, in so many words, "rejoices that any former suspicions of his being well-affected to Presbyterianism are triumphantly removed." He knew better than to use such compromising terms as Presbyterianism or Episcopacy; and a hasty or imperfectly informed reader might peruse the letter without perceiving that it reveals that Sharp, while still the trusted agent of the Presbyterians, was working for the restoration of Prelacy—that, in short, his name of "Judas" was being fairly earned.

In another Appendix, a less conspicuous but more honest prelate, Archbishop Burnet of Glasgow—not to be confounded with Bishop Burnet the historian—comes out shorn of one merit which has been claimed for him—that he was for lenient measures with the malcontents. On the contrary, to take one passage among several in the same tone, writing in 1665 of the "disorderly and dangerous meetings" in the West, he begs "that his Ma^{ty} may be pleased to command greater severity to be used than is ordinary with us in such cases." At the same time, we do not see anything to show that Burnet was, as Mr. Airy rather implies, speaking untruly when he claims for himself that he never "opposed the granting of remissions to any person that acknowledged their fault." This degree of leniency is quite compatible with urging severity towards the refractory. The letters in the Appendices altogether form by no means the least valuable portion of the volume, and must be studied in their order of date, together with the Lauderdale Papers properly so called. Characteristic, though not otherwise specially important, is a brief, hard, and wildly misspelt letter from General Dalrymple, who almost requires a commentator. People will be excusable if they fail to discover his meaning when he writes:—

one this I sal ad, to entret you not to consee the basenes Extinke be this, for if I be not totale deservet without Extirpation the moist pairs of this countray vil second this rebellion with a girtter.

The Earl of Rothes comes next to Dalrymple in orthographical eccentricity, which heightens the comic effect of his protests against being kicked upstairs into the office of Chancellor. With needless fervour, he writes:—

I tencek the great God to be my witnes, I knou no mer hou to discharge that pleas then I had bin bred in an other kingdom, and to leat my ignorans apier, the thoughts of it is layek to breck my heart.

Sir Robert Moray, by far the most respectable as well as the most scholarlike of the Lauderdale correspondents, had the task of talking Rothes over, and of finding answers to his arguments of "his want of abilities for presiding in the session, &c., his want of faculties for the legal part of that function, as latine, under-

* The Lauderdale Papers. Edited by Osmond Airy. Volume II.—1667-1673. Printed for the Camden Society. M.DCCC.LXXXV.

standing in the lawes, the repeating & stating of debates & questions, &c., . . . his youth, his humour & way, &c., and above all his aversion." Rothes's "humour and way," it was notorious, did not lie in the paths of virtue and orderliness. Moray in another letter couples him with the Devil as responsible for leading the Duke of Hamilton into excessive drinking and a "flagitious degree of debordments."

And here, by the way, I shall tell you, I have deformed him and some others from drinking, with all the arguments I can devise, in pursuance of his *M^{tes}* commands, & have made it known how hateful that vice is to the King, and the charge hee gave me in relation to it.

The picture of King Charles II. as a moral censor is, as Mr. Airy observes, "somewhat amusing." Rothes and Hamilton appear together in one of Moray's communications as "*les compaignons de la bouteille*"—"les Goinfres." Nicknames are not infrequently used in the correspondence. Once we come upon the well-known *nom de guerre* of James V., "the Goodman of Ballangight [*sic*]" here presumably employed to denote the reigning King Charles. Archbishop Sheldon is "my morall friend"; Archbishop Burnet is "Longifacies," "Long Nez," "Long Face." Of the justice of this description we have no means of judging; for no portrait of Archbishop Burnet is, as far as Mr. Airy can ascertain, extant. One allusion the editor avows himself unable to explain. It occurs in the following passage from a letter of Moray's, Oct. 22, 1669:—

Yet more it is suggested monney will not be given unless Religion be skrewed higher than ever & the Authority of Bishops raised. And that this resolution flows from Montpeliers and takes with many that hate what comes from that Airth. I need not enlarge. Adieu.

It occurs to us that the influence indicated may be that of the exiled Clarendon, who at that time was living at Montpellier. We conclude with a characteristic detail of the dragooning of the West by Sir James Turner, the soldier of fortune who afterwards, as the story goes, fell into the hands of the malcontents, and got off with his life because they found on looking into his instructions "that his proceedings, how fierce soever, fell short of these." Sir James had military merits, among them, as the following shows, that of making a small force produce the effect of a large one:—

And this puts me in minde of another feat of warr practised I hear by S. J. Turner, which will make you laugh if you know it not already. S. James had ten horsemen that helpt to levy his church fines, &c., they were sent out to quarter by pairs, and every 2 exacted in every place quartering for themselves and for 8 horse more at 2d. a-piece, threatening to send for the other 8 if they refused. Thus by a more solid kinde of arithmetick than the scholar reckoned 2 eyes to be 3, he hath had a way to multiply 10 horse to fifty; egregie quidem.

Nevertheless, according to the testimony of "an honest minister" of a western parish, "Turner was a saint to Balantine"—Sir William Bellenden, or Balantyne, who appears to have been conspicuous for indiscriminate and unscrupulous oppression and extortion, though he has made less mark in popular history than his companions Turner and Dalryell.

RUSSIAN CENTRAL ASIA.*

DR. LANSDALL tells us that he arranged his copious materials so as to catch three classes of persons—the specialist, the student, and the general reader. In this he resembles an angler who should try to combine the fly and the ground-bait, and to catch trout, pike, and gudgeon with the same rod, on the same stretch of water, at the same time. It is quite true that Dr. Lansdall saw many strange sights in Central Asia, and visited towns not often seen except by such pioneers as the late Mr. O'Donovan and the late General Burnaby. But, after all, his tour was compressed into the space of six months, during which he only rested for fifty-nine days. During the remainder, by the help of rail, tarantass, horse, and boat, he got over the ground at the rate of a hundred miles a day. We should have been more pleased had he told us just what he saw and less of what he endured. He cannot expect his "general reader" to make a selection out of nearly fourteen hundred pages, and as for men of science and scepticism, they might have been referred to the original authors, to whose labours the author is largely indebted for notes that swamp the text and for chapters which are epitomes of other works. As a rough-and-ready traveller Dr. Lansdall shows to advantage. Physical ability to ride long distances and to snatch sleep, slung to a camel or at miserable rest-houses; contentment and cheerfulness under heat and cold, indifferent fare, and short commons; an engaging address with high officials; some tact and resource in the management of dependents and drivers, and a disposition to make the best of everything—all these essential qualifications he shows himself to possess. But he is terribly long-winded. He loads his pages with trivial details and petty anecdotes which are no more interesting to others than they would be in connection with a summer trip to the Welsh mountains or to the seaside in Kent. How he took loaves with him which soon became stale; how he once ate so many nectarines that his faithful interpreter became quite frightened; how he was pre-

sented with a primitive knife from a native bazaar, and soon lost it; how the wheel of his tarantass would keep coming off; how after sunset he felt chilly, and was glad of an ulster and a shawl; how while waiting for dinner at Khojend he felt very sleepy and tired; how he is quite sure that he was not duped when in his former work he wrote favourably of the inside of Russian prisons; and how a horse which he bought and named Diotrephes from its desire of always coming to the front, stumbled more than once and nearly caused a disaster; these and other incidents, varied by copious statistics of revenue, population, and prices, swell the two volumes to a monstrous bulk. Dr. Lansdall unfortunately does not seem to be much of a linguist. He has some acquaintance with Hebrew, but he was unable to conduct a service in German for the benefit of men of that nation at Tashkend, and he had no time to pick up the mere rudiments of Turki or Persian. It is creditable that Oriental names are carefully recorded and not ill spelt. But when he talks of an *Estaphet* or mounted messenger, he does not apparently know that the word is neither Russian nor Turki. It is simply the French *Estafette*, which a savant of that nation derives from *stapia*, the stirrup. The illustrations to the work possess considerable merit; mosques, tombs, fortresses, summer palaces, minarets, Jewish beauties, Sarts and Kalmucks, one bazaar in a snow storm and another in sultry shimmering heat. Nor must we omit two or three photographs of the author himself. One represents him in a magnificent Samovede dress. In another he is clad in a robe of honour. In a third he appears in a complete suit of chain armour presented to him by the Amir of Bokhara, in which, with an axe over his shoulder, he looks the very picture of a mediæval crusader going forth to do battle with the infidels. No one would gather from his title-page that one main object of his mission was to distribute copies of the Scriptures and of other religious publications in the prisons of Russia and in the bazaars of Tashkend and Kokand. In this latter and praiseworthy attempt he was much aided by the Russian authorities at the direction of the Emperor himself. And it is probably in return for this concession and other aids and easements that we find the Viceroy and Lieutenants of that imperial nation painted throughout in such roseate hues. Dr. Lansdall wisely keeps clear of politics. But all his Russian friends in his eyes were mirrors of courtesy, high-minded administrators, and genial and polished hosts.

The serious defects of this work must be admitted by any reader to be redundancy and prolixity. It is time to say something of its real merits. In the first place a large and unfamiliar area was covered. Moscow and St. Petersburg, the Urals and Tobolok are fairly well known. But the interest of the voyage commences with the Russian province and town of Semi-Palatinsk; and Dr. Lansdall, without incurring obligations to other authors, ransacking whole libraries, or encumbering his second volume with alarming appendices on subjects which he does not profess to know, might have told us in a more connected form and in one-half the number of pages, exactly what he saw at Kuldja, Tashkend, Samarcand, Bokhara, and Khiva. The general reader may be helped by a few indications. We may premise that his descriptions of scenery are often striking and effective. The author, by narrative quite as much as by illustration, does enable us to realize the barren steppes, the wide plateau, the strange depressions or basins once apparently covered with water, the tents of the Kirghese, the swift and shallow rivers, the shallower lakes, the alternations of climate—or, in his own words, "the enormous plains, fruitful valleys and barren wastes, as well as sandy, brackish, and marshy tracts." Two days were spent at Kuldja, which had been previously visited by Dr. Schuyler, M. Ujfalvy, Mr. Delmar Morgan, and in 1873, by the late Mr. Ashton Dilke. Here were seen the horns of a specimen of the *Ovis Poli*, and cooking shops where a meal of hot dishes, highly spiced with saffron, could be had at any time for sixpence. Dr. Lansdall thinks it odd that there were no Hindus at Kuldja. We should have thought it still more odd if there had been any of this money-making and usurious race so far north. There were, however, Mohammedan mosques and Buddhist temples in close proximity. A Russian church was also in existence in the outskirts of the city, but this was previous to the retrocession to the Chinese Empire. A statement by a Russian Colonel that the natives of the place preferred the rule of the Czar to that of the Emperor of China may, we think, be received with the caution due to many other Russian protestations and promises. On his way from Kuldja south the author stayed at a Kirghese *Aul* or collection of tents. He describes the men of this tribe as great gossips and eaters, brave and unsophisticated, but hot-tempered, revengeful, and given to thieving. Shepherds by nature and habit, they have taken to agriculture in some places. They are good riders, and have a keenness of sight for small and distant objects which a Highland deer-stalker would envy. Girls are married at fifteen—rather late for Orientals—and the dowry paid by the bridegroom is so many head of sheep or cattle, with a horse or camel besides. Here the author tasted the *koumiss* or mare's milk; and his inquiries as to the Kirghese religion made him acquainted with the familiar terms *khuda* and *shaitan*. He does not seem to have recognized the latter word as identical with Satan. The next place of importance on the line of route was Tashkend, "the city of stone." A Russian town has grown up since 1865. There is a club, a museum, a public library, a theatre, and something that passes for an hotel. Old or native Tashkend presented the usual spectacle of ugly streets, with dirty shops and flat roofs and some bald mosques and minarets.

* *Russian Central Asia, including Kuldja, Bokhara, Khiva, and Mere.* By Henry Lansdall, D.D., M.R.A.S., F.R.G.S., Author of "Through Siberia." With Frontispiece, Maps, and Illustrations. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1885.

Tashkend has a short and severe winter, an early spring, and a very hot summer. General Abramoff, the acting Governor, was said to be "adored" by his subordinates. At Khokand there was a small colony of Jews, who, under native rule, were not allowed to buy land or build a synagogue. They disclaimed any connexion with the Lost Ten Tribes, who are supposed by them to be dwelling "beyond China." The epithet *Latif*, or "elegant," is always appropriated to Khokand, as *Sharif* is to Bokhara. It answers to *leptai* as applied to Athens. This elegance is, not incompatible with the existence of lepers who live in a village by themselves, and in whom the loathsome disease was seen in its most revolting aspects. Less horrible, but very troublesome, is the *reshta* or worm, of which we have heard so much since the journey of Dr. Wolff to inquire into the fate of Stoddart and Conolly. This pest is attributed, like so many other diseases, to bad water. It is developed in the summer months, and the best remedy is to wind the animal off on a reel at a slow rate every day without breaking it or using violence. We should like to know the authority for the statement that the *reshta* is known in India, which has plagues enough already in the shape of Scinde and Delhi boils and skin diseases of various sorts. In some countries the latter are caused by dirt. In India they are constantly the result of bathing in a particular reservoir, and are the sign of cleanliness. The tomb of Timur the Great is still one of the sights of Samarcand. Dr. Lansdell calls it the Gur or Gori-Amir. In M. Vambéry's book published in 1864 it is termed the Turbat-i-Timur. Nothing was seen by our author of the celebrated relics of thin flags, an old sword, and a breastplate, which M. Vambéry, when disguised as a Hadji, had kissed with so much devout fervour. Readers of this accomplished Hungarian's travels may recollect his private interview with the bigoted ruler Mozaffar-Uddin, when he most adroitly answered the most puzzling questions, just as shortly before he had stood a severe examination at the hands of orthodox and fanatic Mullahs. But much has happened since a European could only reach Bokhara at the risk of his life and in disguise, and whatever may be thought of Russian encroachments, we are not disposed to undervalue the good effect of a Russian ascendancy in the protection of pilgrims, the disuse of impalement, and the discontinuance of the slave-trade. The Russian authorities have taken care to preserve and restore, as far as possible, the tombs at Shah Zindah, an edifice now used as a mosque, but described by Vambéry as originally the summer residence of Timur. Samarcand abounds, as might be expected, with schools and colleges, and Dr. Lansdell gives a beautiful sketch of the richly-decorated Shir-i-Madrissa, which we take to be the Madrissa Shirudar of Vambéry. Libraries, whether at Bokhara or Samarcand, had dwindled down into a few books, and had no more real existence than the famous Greek-Armenian Library which Timur was once believed to have carried away in triumph to ornament his capital. If the fruits of Bokhara were luscious and abundant, the Bokhariot army was not numerous and was ill-equipped and ill-paid. An interview with the Amir, who is the same who questioned Vambéry, was remarkable for evident constraint and awkwardness on both sides. Dr. Lansdell wished to distribute tracts and to visit prisons, and Oriental potentates have some difficulty in comprehending that such inspection is not made for ulterior and inconvenient objects. The Khushbegi or principal official at Bokhara kept a watchful eye on this inquisitive Englishman, and evidently was perplexed at his wish to be present at a circumcision, a marriage, and a funeral.

Not the least interesting part of the journey is the descent of the Oxus by boat to within a short distance of Petro-Alexandrovsk. Dr. Lansdell draws attention to the fact that the Oxus has what he calls double banks. A simple explanation of this phrase is, that in the dry season only the real bed, like that of many of our Indian rivers, holds water. When the waters rise from the melting of the snows in the high ranges, the plain or alluvial formation on either bank is flooded for some miles. The terms "high and low water" employed by Dr. Lansdell are, however, properly applicable to tidal streams. As was to be expected, except when the banks are composed of rocks and cliffs, the villages are often very far from the water's edge. No one, certainly not a Central Asian nomad, would think of settling on a plain out of which he might be washed at any time between May and August. Here and there rivers, fortresses, towers, walls, and turrets were seen, and the islands were said to contain abundance of game, large and small. The water of the Oxus, though full of silt, soon clears and is perfectly wholesome. Dr. Lansdell seems to have expected his men to row all night, but they acted wisely in anchoring about dark and avoiding the perils of mudbanks and possible Turkoman raiders. It may be doubted whether any attempt to restore the old communication of the Oxus with the Caspian would be successful or worth the expense. Of Khiva, its melons, grapes, and mulberries, its mosques with blue and white tiles, its manufacture of red silks and scanty jewelry, its dancing and singing Dervishes, and its prisons which had fewer inmates than the single prison of "Alfred's golden reign," there is a very good account. And we can fairly say that these two volumes are written in a clear and pleasant style, although they are puffed out and padded with borrowed erudition. We have omitted to mention that a great deal of trouble has been taken to illustrate passages of ancient Scripture from modern scenes and sights. Many of the comparisons are obvious; some are new and striking; a few are far-fetched. But some undoubtedly would have commended themselves to the picturesque imagination of the late

Dean Stanley. Here Dr. Lansdell is quite *dans son droit*. But he has spoilt his own good work by repeating the offence against which he had been duly cautioned by reviewers of his book on Siberia.

THE MUNICIPAL RECORDS OF BATH.*

EVERY lover of the past, whatever the special period may be that he chiefly affects, finds much to interest him in Bath. From the time when its Roman citizens reared their altars to Sul-Minerva and built the vast baths of which fresh wonders have of late been discovered or re-discovered—we believe the question is the subject of a very pretty quarrel between local antiquaries—on to the days, to come no later, when Horace Walpole in actual life, and the excellent Matthew Bramble in letters as living as Walpole's, grumbled at the gaities and noise which grated on the nerves of the real or imaginary invalid, life at Bath has afforded abundant materials for history. One side of that life, however, has been generally neglected. No attempt has been made—at least, as far as we know—since Warner's day to set forth the municipal history of the city, and we therefore welcomed the volume put forth conjointly by Mr. King and Mr. Watts as a sign of revived interest in the subject. Work on local records is certainly chief among the many ways in which the antiquary makes the historian his debtor. It is work that a man engaged on general history can seldom do for himself, and that no one can do so well as those on the spot. At the same time, it too often happens that when the local antiquary publishes the results of his investigations, they are found to be disfigured by ignorance of all things beyond the narrow area within which he has been working, and ignorance of the history of England as a whole is fatal to the treatment of any particular portion of it. Unfortunately this book on the Records of Bath is one among the many cases in which work which might have been, and indeed to some extent still is, of real value, has been thus marred. "How grand a sight is a noble oak tree!" is its opening sentence, which is followed by a gushing description of "weird fantastic exuberance," of "leavy maze," and "heaving greensward," part of an elaborate parallel between the oak and "the institutions of our country," and when we read this we prepared ourselves for the worst. A few specimens of what follows will show that we were right in doing so. A romantic picture of the meeting of the members of an early township ends by announcing that the *tun moot* "survived as the hundred court for many centuries." Has, then, the Bishop of Chester laboured in vain, at least as far as Bath is concerned? Even this, however, is a small matter compared with the upside-down fashion in which the early history of the town is stated. Starting with some idea that at Bath freemen were once "really free," and then lost their freedom, our authors give a highly coloured picture of its local independence—which, by the way, is not the same thing as freedom—at the time when the town was the property of Edith, the queen of the Confessor. "Imagination," we are told, must supply us with the effects of the Conquest. And this is how their imagination supplies Messrs. King and Watts. In the first place, they see "the simple Saxons" weeping for their ancient churches; then they themselves mourn over the departed influence of the "grieve," and assure us of their conviction that the local courts only met "to bewail the desolation of the land." What sort of rude barbarians do they suppose lived in England before the Normans came? And did the Bath people lament when John of Tours pulled down the old abbey church to replace it by his vast minster? That is just one of the questions we should like to know; perhaps our authors have special information. As to the influence of the "grieve," though the "reeve," as we prefer to call him, was probably a Frenchman after 1066, his "influence" was not likely to be less under the stricter fiscal arrangements of the conquerors than in earlier days; while, in the opinion of the English of the time of William Rufus, the hundred courts were far too active. A more tangible wrong inflicted by the Normans on the men of Bath is discovered in the loss of their common land, their port-meadow, as it may be called. This loss is inferred from the fact that the feudal lawyers held "sole-land" to belong absolutely to the Crown. The fact that William the Conqueror died in 1087 is, of course, equally pertinent to the question. That at Bath, "as everywhere, the Saxon was degraded," is scarcely to be inferred from Domesday, where the burghers as a body appear to have farmed the burgh of the king. After this beginning we were scarcely surprised to find that it is "difficult to believe" that "the indefeasible right" of devising land was not generally admitted until the sixteenth century. It is possible, indeed, that the perplexity felt by our authors at this unexpected discovery may yet be increased; for at present they hold that from the Conquest to the reign of Henry VIII. all socage land, no unimportant exception, might be made the subject of devise. Evidently, then, the framers of the statute of 1540 were strangely ignorant of the state of the law when they gave the tenants of socage lands held in fee simple a power which, according to Messrs. King and Watts, had always belonged to them. It is, however, only fair to say that this assertion is not made without what our authors believe to be a proof of its accuracy. They have found that a citizen of Bath in 1326 left a tenement to his wife and her heirs by will. Strange as it may seem, these commentators on municipal records must be unaware of the existence of the

* *The Municipal Records of Bath, 1189-1604.* By Austin J. King and B. H. Watts. London: Elliot Stock.

special class of socage tenants who held by burgage, or they would scarcely think that the fact that one of the burghers of Bath left a tenement by will was either especially interesting or a proof of a general power of devise of socage land. The *Saturday Review*, however, is not the place for dwelling on matters that must be perfectly familiar to every articulated clerk in England, and we shall take it for granted that we have already shown that Messrs. King and Watts must have come to their work with singularly little previous knowledge of the subjects they were certain to meet with in it. Nor is their treatment of the charters themselves satisfactory. For, unless given by some one who knows what he is about, no account of such documents can be of any real value without the words in which they are expressed. To have given them would have added little to the size of the volume, and, as from the only charter of which we have the original Latin we find that *testagium* is translated "tolls in markets," we see cause to regret that this has not been done.

In spite, however, of such blemishes as these in the work before us—and many more might be gathered from the sixty-three pages of which, exclusive of Appendices, the volume consists—the subject is too interesting to be wholly spoilt by bad treatment. Bath, indeed, has not a municipal history of first-rate importance. Setting London aside, it has nothing to offer us like the long struggle of its commercial neighbour Bristol with the lords of Berkeley, and no incident to compare with the insurrection against the oligarchy there in the reign of Edward II. Although actively engaged in manufacture, no craft guild exercised an influence on Bath history like that of the guild of the tailors at Exeter; and, though generally belonging to ecclesiastical lords, the city seems to have had no such struggle with them as that led by the gallant miller Grindecobbe at St. Albans, or even any like the occasional quarrels at Wells between the citizens and the bishops. Nevertheless Bath has a history of its own that will repay some study. It is curious, for example, to note—by the way, Messrs. King and Watts do not note it—that this place of the second coronation of Edgar seems, down to the end of the tenth century, to have been simply a member of a crown estate. After enjoying a considerable degree of self-government in the Conqueror's reign, it was sold to Bishop John of Tours, who was not a "Norman ecclesiastic" (p. 3), and for a while became, almost to the exclusion of Wells, the place of the See. At the same time a royal license for a fair there—an important step in its history—was granted by the Crown some two hundred years before "the first fairs," mentioned on p. 18. During the tenure of the city by the bishops it received its earliest Royal charter from Richard I. This simply granted freedom from tolls and the like to the citizens of the Merchant Guild, a phrase which denotes that citizenship was now regarded as resting on a commercial basis rather than on the fact of holding a free tenement of the lord. The first mention of a mayor—a title which we do not agree with our authors in considering "of no import"—seems to be about 1230. His name is given as John du Port. Now we have before us a facsimile of the charter of William II., granting the abbey of Bath to Bishop John, and we find there a Hugo de Port as one of the witnesses, his name being written after those of a crowd of great people who had no special connexion with the city. It seems likely, then, that when the English Constitution was revived under the French garb of a *commune*, its first head was a member of a house that had long held property, and probably office, in the city, and his very name may point to this fact. Although Bath became for a second time the property of the See in the reign of Edward I., the payment of a fee-farm rent made the citizens practically independent of the bishop's interference. In a confused account of the history of the baths we miss any notice of the authority exercised by the bishops over some at least of them, which is curiously illustrated by an order in Bishop Beckington's register (cir. 1450), directing that bathing dresses should be worn.

The best executed part of the volume is the short record of ecclesiastical affairs during the evil days of the sixteenth century, when the abbey church was made a quarry, when the citizens, who refused to buy it, stole the bells, and shipped them off to Spain for sale, and when the Corporation obtained the advowsons of the parish churches, consolidated the livings, and, as it seems, made all manner of bargains with the "preacher." A separate chapter is devoted to a discussion of the question whether Shakespeare did not visit the city, and to the references made to the baths in the Sonnets. "Mr. Long, the preacher," employed by the Corporation, received certain sums, we are told, in 1583 "for two plays he wrote." These payments, we are inclined to think, were connected with the representation of the Christmas play, some notices of which are given on the same page. We may, however, be proved to be wrong by the words of the entry which are not given us. The extracts from the city accounts during Queen Elizabeth's reign contain a few interesting entries, notably one under 17 October, 1601, "paid for the hier of horses and a man to Carry St Anthony Cookes Trunche when he carryed upp the Rebels viii s." The next year the Chamber was engaged on less exalted business than the conveyance of rebels, for it paid "vnto goodwife Kinge for releasinge of Agnes Mansill's Smock to place her with M^{rs} Stone 1s." Messrs. King and Watts seem more at home in the sixteenth century than in earlier times. As a whole, however, excellent as the intention of their work is, we are forced to say that they have failed in giving an adequate account of the municipal history of their city.

NEW SCHOOL BOOKS.*

THE *Outlines of Roman History* is a much compressed abridgment of the history of Rome. It begins with the usual legends of the foundation and early government of the city, and ends with the overthrow of the Western Emperors in 476. The preface sets forth that "the work has been written and arranged on the most approved system of modern instruction for the young." On turning over the pages we can find nothing to justify this boast. The very limited space has compelled the author to fall into the faults of the ordinary run of school histories. Names, dates, and events are so thickly crowded together that it is impossible to say enough about them to make them hang intelligibly together, and all thought of awakening the intelligence and interest of the pupils must be given up in despair. These are the faults which, as the latest authorities on education tell us, on all hands make the teaching of history in most schools "a thing of naught." Of all history, that of Rome can least bear the strain of compression. Unless sufficient space and time can be given to explain fully and clearly the growth of its institutions, laws, and customs, and of the origin of the several factions which strove for the mastery in the city, a mere chronicle of its wars and revolutions is almost meaningless. Where the author does make an attempt at such explanations he too often betrays his own ignorance—as, for instance, where he touches on the difference between patricians and plebeians. He seems to see in the latter word only the meaning to which it has now sunk. From his account one might infer that the plebeians were merely the scum of the city, that their exclusion from all offices of State arose from a sort of serf-like position, instead of being a disadvantage attached to their alien origin. The preface tells us that "there are few young readers who do not turn to Roman history with pleasure," and we can only hope that this very dry little book may not be forced upon these young readers, or we much fear the effect may be to make them turn from Roman history with disgust.

The *Senior English History* professes to be written on the same plan as the "*Junior History of England*" in this series, but is more advanced both in thought and language." Like its predecessor, this history is designed for use as a reading-book in elementary schools. Considering the number of really good elementary English histories which are now in existence, we can see no reason why this one should have been added to the number. It follows the old plan of division into reigns instead of periods, and tells the commonly accepted facts and events of these reigns in a very commonplace style. Notes, we are told, are added "where these are necessary to elucidate the text." As is too often the case with notes, where explanation is most needed they throw little or at most only a half light. *A propos* of King Arthur, a note tells that Lord Tennyson has written a poem to celebrate his deeds. Not a word is said of the many other poets by whom those deeds have been sung, nor of the fact that the British King is found as the hero of song and legend in far distant lands. Another note tells us that Plantagenet was a "name assumed by Geoffrey of Anjou," and that "we describe the English kings by this title till the accession of Henry VII." A child who has imbibed its first notions of history at this source, and is familiar with this simple classification, will be hopelessly bewildered if asked anything about the Angevins or the lines of York and Lancaster. But, if this note errs on the side of saying too much, the next one which we light upon has fallen into the opposite extreme of saying too little, when it shortly describes the Savoy as a "locality in London," without a hint as to how this locality, "between the street called the Strand and the River Thames," came to bear the name of another locality far away. Where the notes are so very condensed, it seems a needless waste of space to mention twice over that Islington is in the north of London. It strikes us as rather odd, too, to find the founder of the house of Lancaster called the "Duke of Gaunt." No doubt this is an oversight, but one which ought to be corrected. We cannot part from this little book without protesting against the illustration to be found facing the too familiar rhyme about the Danish King and the monks of Ely. Here we find the cathedral as it now stands. The children who use the book will doubtless take it for the minster whence the

* *Outlines of Roman History.* By Rev. G. B. Johns. London: Crosby Lockwood & Co.

Senior English History. London and Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers. 1885.

Tot and the Cat. London: George Bell & Son.

Standard Readers IV., V. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1885.

Geographical Reader. Standard III. London and Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers.

Geographical Reader. Book VII. By J. R. Blakiston, M.A. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.

First Middle English Primer. By Henry Sweet, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1885.

King John. London and Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers. 1885.

Handbook for Needlework Prize Associations. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.

Guide Book for Pupil Teachers. By James Beveridge. London and Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers. 1885.

First Lessons on Minerals. By Ellen H. Richards. Boston: Ginn, Heath, & Co.

Materials for Object Lessons. By Charles MacRae, M.A. London and Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers. 1885.

Home. With Notes and Introduction. By Rev. T. K. Cheyne, M.A., D.D. Cambridge: University Press. 1885.

songs of the monks enticed the King to land, and thus get their ideas of the state of architecture at that date hopelessly muddled.

The next reading-book we turn to is meant for the very youngest readers. It contains six short stories all told in words of one syllable. But even here progress is not lost sight of, though the aim of the book is amusement rather than instruction. Beginning with words of three letters, it ends with five-letter words. These little tales the little ones are sure to take to, for they are all about animals.

The fourth and fifth books of Messrs. Blackwood's Standard Readers are compiled on the same plan as the earlier parts of the same series. These Readers are books of selections in prose and verse, and are remarkable for the care and judgment displayed in the arrangement of their contents. The lessons have been well chosen with an eye to impart facility in reading general literature, which is, or ought to be, the primary aim of all such reading-books. But they do more than this. The lessons are all of a stimulating and improving sort, containing much varied and useful information on a great variety of subjects. Explanatory notes are affixed to the lessons, and these notes seem very fairly accurate on the whole.

The two Geographical Readers that stand on our list are somewhat different in character. That published by Messrs. Chambers is intended to convey a good general idea of the geography of England and Wales. Beginning with the coast line it then passes inland and takes a general survey of the physical features of the country and the natural and artificial divisions. The enumeration of the counties is very wisely reserved for one of the concluding chapters. Pleasant pieces of poetry are interspersed with the pages of more serious matter. Of course there are notes here too—and, as usual, the notes show a lamentable lack of knowledge of the meaning of English. Minster is a "great and ancient church"; Argo is another name for a ship; Cathedral the "principal church of a district"; Fossils, "remains of animals or vegetables which have been petrified, or changed into stone"! These examples show the slovenly style of explanations given, yet it would have taken no more words to make them scientific and correct.

The other Geographical Reader has a wider range. From the title *Glimpses of the Globe* we know what to expect, and, on turning over the pages, our expectations are not disappointed. We find the tides and currents of the ocean, volcanoes, earthquakes, icebergs, and such large and general subjects occupy more attention than the spots on the earth's surface which have become conspicuous from being the favoured haunts of man. These are not overlooked either, and, under the pleasant disguise of narratives of voyages from one continent to another, much interesting information concerning far distant countries is conveyed. But even the globe is too restricted a sphere for this ambitious little manual, which takes its readers still further afield, mounting with them to the moon, and bidding them review the whole planetary system. As the voyages are chiefly taken from the travels of *bona fide* travellers, they are sure to find favour in the eyes of the boys in more advanced classes. Happily they are left to explain themselves. There are no notes. And, as the book is intended for reading aloud, the pages are not disfigured by any of the queer vagaries of type now so much in favour, which prove so sad a stumbling-block to imperfect readers.

The *First Middle English Primer* contains extracts from the *Ancient Rime* and the *Ormulum*, reprinted in the original spelling. Attached to the extracts is a very full and accurate glossary, and they are preceded by an admirable grammatical introduction, explaining the peculiarities of the obsolete declensions and verbal forms to be found in the text. Mr. Sweet points out in the preface that he has chosen his extracts from the "two oldest texts which have been handed down in consistent contemporary spellings representing pure and fixed dialects." The dialect of the *Ancient Rime*, he tells us, "represents geographically the Old West Saxon, and especially the Late West Saxon of Ælfric." The *Ormulum*, on the other hand, is written in the East Midland dialect of the thirteenth century. Even the most casual reader must see at a glance from which of the two our modern English has sprung. The extracts from the *Ancient Rime* are very happily chosen, not only to exhibit the language, but also to illustrate the social conditions of the period. The *Middle English Primer* will prove a valuable assistant to all students of Early English.

The edition of *King John* published by Messrs. Chambers has little to distinguish it from the numberless similar editions of those plays of Shakspeare's which have been pounced upon as subjects to be "got up" for examinations. A plan of study for "perfect possession," which, we suppose, is a polite paraphrase of the schoolboy expression "getting up," is proposed on the first page. Here the student is advised "first of all to read the play as a pleasure." This advice he would do well to follow, for after he has worried it in the manifold ways prescribed to the unfortunates who are cramming, he will probably never be able to think of it with pleasure again. Examination papers are given in the appendix, which give some useful hints to the student as to the sort of knowledge which will be expected of him.

The *Guide Book for Pupil Teachers* contains merely two years' sets of examination papers given in the Government examinations in Scotland to candidates for pupil-teacherships. The subjects they embrace are arithmetic, grammar, history, geography, and music.

The *Handbook for Needlework Prize Associations* is intended to "help those who desire to do what they can to improve the science of plain needlework." It contains all sorts of useful hints

as to the best way of getting up needlework classes and competitions, and is a thoroughly practical and sensible little book. It will prove a friend in need to the many amiable ladies who would gladly get up sewing societies among their poorer neighbours if they only knew how to set about it.

First Lessons on Minerals comes to us from the other side of the ocean. It is by an American lady, who has herself worked out the lessons to children of all ages, beginning with little ones in the Kindergarten. The lessons have the rare merit of being at once simple and scientific. We are glad to find the author pointing out that to keep up the interest in the lesson there ought to be as many specimens of each mineral as there are children in the class.

The "Objects" treated of in the *Materials for Object Lessons* are neither so tangible nor so portable as Mrs. Richard's minerals. Some of them, for instance, the whale and the elephant, it would be quite impossible to produce before the class; others, again, as the air and the sea, cannot properly be described as "Objects" at all. The title is somewhat misleading. Object lessons can only be given on specimens which children can see and handle so as to describe what they observe and feel. To include among the materials for such lessons a blacksmith and a farmer is manifestly absurd, as the followers of these callings differ much from one another in appearance and characteristics. Such inconsistencies should be avoided in a book for children, as they are quicker to detect and laugh at them than grown-up people.

Dr. Cheyne's edition of the Book of Hosea forms part of the series known as the Cambridge Bible for Schools, edited by the Dean of Peterborough. The text is taken from Dr. Scrivener's Cambridge Paragraph Bible. The introduction contains a thorough examination of the leading ideas and the style of the prophecy and the prophet as compared with the prophets who preceded and succeeded him. The notes to the text are lucid, learned, and compendious. The chronological table and the table of references to other parts of Scripture will be found valuable assistants in mastering the difficulties of this prophecy. The reputation of the Cambridge Bible for Schools is now so thoroughly established that we need but say of the present part that it is in all respects equal to the excellence of those which have preceded it.

PAPERS ON ART.

THERE is much in these able and eloquent papers that deserves to survive the occasions which called for their composition. The essay prefixed to the magnificent collection of drawings by the Old Masters at the Grosvenor Gallery in the winter of 1877-8 is a worthy record of a memorable event, and although, divorced as it now is from the works upon which it comments and the catalogue to which it refers, it has lost much of its interest to the ordinary reader, we are not inclined to dispute the judgment of the author in republishing it practically intact. His views on the value of drawings as aids to the study and comprehension of the Old Masters, though no longer so novel, are not less sound than they were seven years ago, and more than one passage at once sympathetic and discriminating, in which he defines the genius of the greater of the Italian artists, are worthy of a permanent place in the memory of an art-student. Strong, for instance, as is his panegyric of Da Vinci, few will think it overstrained, or will wish many words altered in such sentences as the following:—

No other artist has ever been endowed with such absolute dominion over the human face. He alone could exhaust the deepest secrets of its character, and yet leave the lightest smile undisturbed. In the process of his analysis he never arrests the play of life, and in giving to the result the impress of his own individuality he is not driven to destroy the individuality of his subject. Of a mind so curious and searching that no minutest fact escaped his notice, and yet of an imaginative impulse so constant and controlling that nothing from his hand, not even the smallest leaf or flower, is merely mechanical in its veracity, he has given to these lovely faces the mingled impression of portrait and phantasy. As we wonder at the completeness and perfection of their beauty we cannot detect what the model has supplied or what the artist has bestowed of his own. The border lines of art and nature merge and are confused, and under the spell of his genius we think for a moment of the existence of some fair race of beings with those drooping eyelids and gently smiling lips.

The lecture on Barry delivered before the Society of Arts was scarcely so worthy of republication. It gives, indeed, a very fair account of Barry's career and character, and the falseness of his ideal. It also shows, and at greater length than necessary, how different were his times from those of Michael Angelo, and how unlikely they were to produce a great master of imaginative design. It was a capital discourse for the occasion, but in its historical survey it contains few ideas which are not repeated in other papers in this volume; and, with the exception of the passage in which Hogarth's technical powers as a painter are justly vindicated, it has little which adds to the value of the book.

The papers on Reynolds and Gainsborough, though careless in form, are of higher quality, adding, notwithstanding all that has been written about these two artists, something to our knowledge and appreciation of them. Of the former Mr. Comyns Carr observes:—"There is in all his work a certain modesty of temper as of a mind ever deeply conscious of a style greater than its own"; and of the latter:—"Gainsborough interpreted a lovely face or a graceful form as he would have painted a landscape, seizing first

* *Papers on Art.* By J. Comyns Carr. London: Macmillan & Co. 1885.

upon the merely picturesque aspect of his subject, and not searching anxiously to emphasize the subtler qualities of character." These essays bear throughout similar marks of sincerity of study and freshness of observation, and Mr. Carr's comparative estimate of the two artists is generally careful and just. Of a different, but not of a lower, order is the paper on "Rossetti's Influence on Art," with which the volume concludes. In the flood of ignorant and foolish articles about Rossetti and his work which inundated the press after that artist's death, this, with a few others, was distinguished by its knowledge and good taste. It was marked by its reticence also—for those who knew most felt most keenly that the time was not come for anything like a final judgment on the man or his work. Mr. Carr's essay is mainly confined to tracing the sources of Rossetti's extraordinary influence on the art of others, and of the strange change in, and decadence of, his own. The former he finds in the imaginative force of his early work, which invented a new form for the expression of poetic thought, the latter in the conflict between his imagination and certain individual types of female beauty. The thought throughout the essay is clear and sustained at a high level.

But, though there is much to praise in this volume, it is scarcely worthy of an author already known as one of our best-equipped and most eloquent writers on art. Unless he has allowed his art-scholarship to become rusty, Mr. Carr cannot be ignorant of recent controversies respecting the drawings in the *Venice Sketch-Book*, and yet he leaves without alteration or note several passages which imply an unclouded faith in the ascription of all of them to Raphael. In one place he asserts that Gainsborough was the equal of Reynolds as a master of portrait, in others he maintains the supremacy of Reynolds. These are only a few out of many instances of carelessness which might be quoted, and the book altogether may be said to demonstrate the existence of Mr. Carr's undoubted powers without doing them anything like justice.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. DE PIÉPAPE'S brochure (1) on Charles de Bernard is of no great size and by no means ambitious. But it contains, we think, more personal notice than has hitherto been given of the brilliant novelist who united the suffrages of M. de Pontmartin and Sainte-Beuve, who has delighted every competent English reader since Thackeray first introduced him to the English public, and whose melancholy and premature death gives an additional interest to his life. We have not mentioned Charles de Bernard's attraction for English readers without a special intention. For in fact—intensely French as he was, and happily as, by common consent, he caught the tone of the French society of his day—there is a distinctly English vein in him. He has not merely wit; he has distinct humour, humour of the very kind which half shocks M. Taine himself, and which, except Sainte-Beuve, scarcely any French critic has ever wholly or honestly admired. We must go back to Le Sage before we find a French novelist displaying the impersonal, impartial, dramatic irony with which Charles de Bernard floods his delightful short tales, and which appears in most of his longer books, inferior as these mostly are to the tales. If a personal confession be permitted, we know no more admirable literary pick-me-up, after an exhausting duty-course of Zolas and Ohnets and Daudets and people of that kind, than to take up *L'écueil*, or *Le naufrageur*, or *Le paratonnerre*, and luxuriate in their perfect freedom at once from prudery and pruriency, from documents and from dullness, from false pathos and false psychology—in fact, from everything that too often distinguishes the French novel of the present generation. They ought long since to have been reprinted more handsomely, though not less portably than in the cheap and convenient, but rather scrubby, shilling's-worths of the Collection Lévy. And if any publisher has the good taste to give them such a reprint, he might do worse than usher it in with M. de Piépape's monograph.

Mme. Coignet (2) has chosen in the lives and reigns of the last branch of the Valois a rather awkward subject for a lady, and she has evidently felt the awkwardness of it from the fact that she passes over in silence many unpleasant but hotly-debated points. This is in one sense creditable to her, but, on the other hand, it deprives her book of a good deal of its value. Thus, in default of an index, we cannot say positively that she has left the scandalous and, as we hold, quite unfounded imputations on the character of Marguerite wholly unmentioned, but we certainly have not lit upon any mention of them. We say that we think those scandals unfounded, and that it is as easy to defend the elder Marguerite from this point of view as it is hopeless to defend her more beautiful, but hardly more charming, grand-niece, granddaughter-in-law, and namesake. But a detailed study of Francis and his family is clearly incomplete without such mention. That Mme. Coignet takes, on the whole, a much too favourable view of Francis himself, who, putting aside his personal bravery and a certain showiness, was, from quite other points of view than that of the sincere moralist, a poor creature, is of course excusable enough. The book is interesting despite its omissions.

M. Bordeau's *Conquête du monde animal* (3) is a sufficiently

(1) *Charles de Bernard, sa vie et ses œuvres*. Par Léonce de Piépape. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(2) *La fin de la vieille France—François premier*. Par Mme. C. Coignet. Paris: Plon.

(3) *Conquête du monde animal*. Par Louis Bordeau. Paris: Alcan.

estimable effort in scientific popularization, the nature of which is indicated in its title with such clearness as to make detailed notice unnecessary. The ages when beasts tyrannized over men, the gradual victory of brain over muscle, and the present state of domestication and acclimatization are discussed and recounted apparently with scientific orthodoxy and accuracy, and in a fairly interesting manner.

We do not know whether the universal cult of *ma mère* in France has caused a slight reflection of glory to fall upon *ma belle-mère*, but it is certain (we do not forget *Le gendre*) that mothers-in-law have, on the whole, a less severe time of it with French novelists than with English. M. Hector Malot, however, has drawn a singularly bad mother-in-law in *Le sang bleu* (4), which, by the way, is a better and more interesting book than we have had from him for some time. The culminating incident of the plot is, perhaps, a little improbable, but that is all we have to say against it. The main story of *Le Château de Trélor* (5) is not so good as a shorter one, *La neige*, which follows it. The *domnée* of this—the remorse and, in a strange way, retribution which come upon a man who, in the Moscow campaign, has sacrificed another's life to save his own—give a powerful subject, of which M. Roccofort has not perhaps made the fullest use. *Lucien Gaudran* (6) begins well with an incident which is a strong argument against the flat system. In paying a morning call at a "self-contained" house you are at least unlikely to receive on the staircase a revolver bullet, intended by a perfect stranger for somebody else. *Roland d'Escours* (7) is another of the illustrations now common in French fiction of the ruinous effects of financing. M. Gennevraye's stories, of which *Trop riche* (8) is only one, have considerable ingenuity, some pathos, and not a little comedy. The last of the Chanailacs (9) was not a good man. *Marielle Thibaut* (10) contains some well-drawn scenes of woodcraft, and may be said to illustrate the motto "All's well that ends well." Of the last book (11) on our list we do not well know what is to be said briefly, except that it is rather a colourless book.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

EVERY one interested in the question of over-pressure in schools should read Mr. Sörenson's translation of Dr. Hertel's *Over-pressure in High Schools in Denmark* (Macmillan & Co.), to which Dr. Orlin Brown has prefixed some seasonable observations. Hitherto the question has been confined chiefly to the baneful influence of overwork in our elementary schools. The arguments of those most alive to the evil have been met by citing the higher standards of foreign schools. They have been twitted with the unpatriotic task of demonstrating the inferior brain-power of British children. But, as Dr. Brown shows, this international argument is urged in other countries, for if Norwegian parents complain, they are told the Dutch code is much more severe. Dr. Hertel's statistics deal with the better-class schools of Copenhagen, and, though necessarily incomplete in some particulars, are a striking revelation of a terrible evil. Evidence, of course, may be inconclusive to one reasoning person that is sufficient for another. The reader of Mr. Runciman's "Idylls" may well believe in the victims of over-pressure. The evidence that overwhelms the physiologist and medical officer is invisible to the doctrinaire. To the former the mischief is deep, wide, and of national importance; while for the ardent educationalist the whole truth is to be sought in statistics of juvenile mortality. He may possibly acknowledge that one in one hundred thousand dies from over-pressure, but he takes no count of the hundreds whose mental and physical powers are undermined for life.

The late General Grant refers, in the preface to his autobiography, to the thousands of instances of heroism during the Civil War that deserve mention, but are overlooked in his reminiscences. Some of these may well be supposed to concern the army of the Confederate States. A curious and spirited record of heroism and endurance is given in *Where Men only Dare to Go* (Richmond: Whittat & Shepperson). The book is written in a masterful strain, with a strong undercurrent of sentiment, and sets forth the fortunes of the Parker battery in the tremendous struggle in Northern Virginia and Maryland and in the Tennessee campaign. It is "The Story of a Boy Company by an Ex-boy," the Parker battery being largely served by extremely youthful volunteers of Richmond; the title is a quotation from a speech delivered by Col. S. D. Lee after the battle of Sharpsburg, in which Parker's "boys" distinguished themselves. The author tells his story with considerable command of picturesque language, and in a style that is racy and individual.

How We are Governed (Boston: Lothrop & Co.) is the title of an excellent manual by Miss Anna Laurens Dawes, descriptive of the United States Government and Constitution. The book is designed for young people; but, considering the remarkable igno-

(4) *Le sang bleu*. Par Hector Malot. Paris: Charpentier.

(5) *Le château de Trélor*. Par A. Roccofort. Paris: Plon.

(6) *Lucien Gaudran*. Par D'Harville. Paris: Ollendorff.

(7) *Roland d'Escours*. Par François Villars. Paris: Plon.

(8) *Trop riche*. Par A. Gennevraye. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(9) *Le dernier des Chanailacs*. Par Jean Rolland. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(10) *Marielle Thibaut*. Par A. Chabot. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(11) *Le marquis de Laroche Saint-Jude*. Par Raymond de Montfort. Paris: Plon.

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rance of the subject among Americans as well as foreigners, it might well be studied by a larger public. Beyond a little needless repetition here and there, in method and style there is nothing to detract from the utility of the work.

The history of the last twenty years told in verse might be deemed a sufficient trial of temper. The author of *The Age of Lead* (Edinburgh: Douglas) carries us in a gentle patter of rhymes from Schleswig-Holstein to Khartoum. Lenden, indeed, must be the age that produces verse of this kind:—

In Berlin lived an ancient man
(Match him, Frenchmen, if ye can),
Then but little known to fame,
Herr von Moltke was his name.

Fortunately there is not much of it.

An "Officer who was There" has lost no time in recording his experience of the operations against Osman Digna in *Suakin*, 1885 (Kegan Paul & Co.) He gives no startling revelations, but his account of the struggle at Hasheen and Tamai is interesting.

Dr. Charteris's *Health Resorts at Home and Abroad* (Churchill) is a useful compilation. Among its novel features may be mentioned a therapeutic index and a guide to the metric system in use on the Continent in the preparation of prescriptions.

Many of Mr. C. Rae-Brown's *Rhymes, Racy and Romantic* (*Fifehire Journal*), are well adapted for popular recitation. The best are those devoted to sporting events, the thrilling incidents of horse-racing. *Lucifer in London* (Vizetelly & Co.) is a rather depressing attempt in a well-worn line of satire, with nothing of the sulphurous atmosphere of Combe's *Diabolical*, or the withering flame of Coleridge and Southey. The first volume of *The Poetical Works of Robert Burns* is the latest addition to "The Canterbury Poets" (Walter Scott), a neat and handy series. It is edited by Mr. Joseph Skipsy, who supplies a pleasant little introduction.

They might have been Together till the Last (Kegan Paul & Co.) is the sentimental title of an essay on marriage, the nature of which wholly belies the title. It is written from the emancipator's point of view, and is an ill-veiled attack on the marriage law. The author's intentions are well meant, but his reasoning is weak and his views visionary. He wrestles angrily with one of Nature's immutable laws, which he himself acknowledges to be "a great present fact," and with the impotent zeal of a reformer suggests "remedies." He might as well attempt to move Mont Blanc to Salisbury Plain. That the ranks of the emancipated are recruited by unattractive and conceited women he accounts for with more plausibility than insight. The key to the solution of the unhappiness of many marriages is not to be sought on the windy heights of theory; it lies close to hand if the sky-searching vision would but patiently abase itself.

We must mention, both for the benefit of those who delight in such things and because they are really creditable productions of their kind, the "Wedding Numbers" of the *Illustrated London News* and the *Graphic*. Both give abundant illustrations of the ceremony of last week, and give them, for the most part, in perfectly good taste.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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The ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT has been REMOVED from 38 to 33 Southampton Street. All communications respecting ADVERTISEMENTS should therefore be addressed to Mr. JOHN HART, 33 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

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TWO ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, of £100 and £50 respectively, open to all first-year Students, will be offered for competition. The Examination will be held on October 5, 6, and 7, and the subjects will be Chemistry and Physics, with either Botany or Zoology, at the option of Candidates.
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Several Medical Practitioners and Private Families residing in the neighbourhood receive Students for residence and supervision, and a register of approved lodgings is kept in the Secretary's office.
Prospectuses and all particulars may be obtained from the Medical Secretary, Mr. GEORGE RENDLE.

W. M. ORD, Dean.

THE LONDON HOSPITAL AND MEDICAL COLLEGE, Mile End, E.—The SESSION 1885-6 will commence on Thursday, October 1, 1885. As the College will be in course of enlargement, there will be no Public Distribution of Prizes this year. FIVE ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, value £50, £20, £20, and £20, will be offered for competition at the end of September to new Students. Fees for Lectures and Hospital Practice, 50 Guineas in one payment, or 100 Guineas in three instalments. All Resident and other Hospital Appointments are free, and the holders of all the Resident Appointments are provided with rooms and board entirely free of expense. The Resident Appointments consist of Five House-Physicians, Five House-Surgeons, One Accoucheurship, and One Receiving Room Officer. Two Dressers and Two Maternity Pupils also reside in the Hospital. Special Classes for the Preliminary Scientific and Intermediate M.B. Examinations of the University of London, and for the Primary and Pass Examinations for the Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons of England are held throughout the year. Special entries may be made for Medical and Surgical practice. The London Hospital is now in direct communication by rail and tram with all parts of the Metropolis, and the Metropolitan, District, East London, and South-Eastern Railways have stations within a minute's walk of the Hospital and College. For Prospectuses and particulars apply personally or by letter to
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12,562. £20 wanted (by the Islington Committee) to assist a FAMILY of nine to emigrate to Melbourne. They have £50 of their own from their savings and sale of furniture. The husband and wife and eldest son are first-class boot-makers, but alterations in trade have thrown them out of work here, and there seems every prospect of their doing well in the Colonies. In England they are gradually drawing on their savings, and it is very desirable to emigrate them before they sink lower.

12,575. The St. George's East Committee require 5l. for the following case:—A WIDOW, whose husband died of small-pox in the winter, is left with two children; she falls ill, and is obliged to pass months at a hospital. The Committee has paid for keeping the home while the woman has been away; also has given an allowance both before and after her treatment in hospital. It is hoped that the family is now made self-supporting; but it has been necessary to give assistance for the last six months.

12,410. A Central Committee desire help for the case of a SOLDIER'S WIDOW left with five children. The husband was latterly chief warder in the House of Correction, and they have the highest references and testimonials with regard to him. The widow will be able to maintain herself and two children. The eldest boy may very possibly be admitted to the Duke of York's School, but is not yet old enough. Meanwhile £20 is being raised to place him in the Greenwich Orphanage. £10 has been promised by the Governor of the House of Correction, and £5 has been sent by the Society for Relief of Distress, and £10 is still required. There is a prospect of placing one girl in a free Home in May, and the Committee hope that relations will provide for the other child.

12,083. An East-End Committee desire to obtain a sum of £5 to defray the expenses of a LITTLE GIRL at a good training home. The mother, a struggling widow, and of excellent character, supports six other children, one of whom is paralysed.

11,831. £3 wanted by the Poplar Committee towards maintaining a GIRL of 19 at the Royal Sea Bathing Infirmary, Margate, for eight weeks. It seems probable that after a further stay at Margate she will be able to maintain herself as a domestic servant. Her father, a labourer, has agreed to pay 2s. 6d. a week. The clergy also are helping.

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